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EUGENE J. McCARTHY
CAMPAIGN DOLLARS AND SENSE

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NEWS & VIEWS

Wave of the Future?

Father Gonzalo Arroyo, S.J., a founder of Christians for Socialism, reflects on the psychology and prospects of the movement in the British journal *New Blackfriars.*

The psychology is elementary: "We cannot expect that from the heart of the capitalist system solutions will emerge to the problems of ecology, food, population growth and exploitation. The interests of the international bourgeoisie demand, for their maintenance and growth, irrational phenomena like the squandering of natural resources, and the over-exploitation of the international proletariat. To survive, humanity must choose between destruction and socialism."

The prospects are somewhat less definable: "Christians for Socialism groups can appear only in those countries where Christianity is socially significant, where there are proletarian organizations struggling for socialism, and where there is a significant group of Christians who are inserted in those organizations. If these three conditions are not realized, it is artificial to think of creating CFS groups."

Given the premises, it is not surprising that Christians for Socialism should have first appeared in Latin America. The strongest groups are said to be in Argentina, Peru, Mexico, Cuba and Central American nations. These groups of left-wing Christians have appeared since the end of the 1960s.

In Europe, their emergence is more recent. According to Father Arroyo, there was a CFS meeting in Spain in 1973, and another in Italy attended by 2,000 persons (400 were expected). A CFS group has also been formed for immigrant workers spread across France, Switzerland, The Netherlands and Germany.

In North America, CFS has been known in Quebec since 1972. Embryo groups are starting in the U.S. and English-speaking Canada, with the likelihood of additional groups organizing in the Philippines, the two Vietnams and elsewhere in the future.

The CFS movement operates on two levels. Father Arroyo explains:

"We pursue a task in the Church. We aim at a Church in solidarity with the interests and struggles of the workers, but without breaking with the present Church. . . .

"We also pursue a political task. This task is not that of an avant-garde, and is situated in a restricted sector of the global political field, namely that of culture and ideology. As CFS, our business is not to constitute a new political organ. . . . It is a matter of identifying, in the dominant interpretation of the Christian message, the elements borrowed from bourgeois ideology; it is a matter of working to liberate the mass of Christians who, through the penetration to their depths of a Christianity wedded to capitalist values, are blocked by the religion whose heirs they are from becoming aware of the causes of social problems and from adopting a liberating solution. More positively, it is a matter of showing, by our practice as much as by our words, *that the Christian faith can and must become more and more at home in a socialist option,* even if it cannot become enclosed within that option" (emphasis Arroyo's).

What is the receptivity in official quarters to such an idea?

"Admittedly," declares Arroyo, "at present many of the hierarchy tend to treat us as marginal, saying to us, 'You cannot continue in that line, for it is not the Church's line' . . . As for us, we wish to maintain a commitment to Church solidarity. Even if we admit that our position is difficult in the short term, we think that in the medium and long terms it will appear more clearly in the eyes of a growing number of the faithful as a service to the Church and a service to the authentic message of Jesus Christ which summons Christians to identify themselves with the oppressed, struggling for their liberation and simultaneously for the liberation of all mankind . . . We have been warned by seeing the churches as institutions of the capitalist social order, and it pains us; it seems a betrayal of Jesus Christ. But it does not surprise us and we know that it will disappear and that a renewed Church will be able to grow to the precise extent that growing numbers of Christians will identify themselves with liberation movements to destroy the old society and bring about a new one which will more fully allow men to have hearts which beat for others."

Who's Kidding Whom?

The 36 religious leaders who accused the U.S. before Christmas of still being up to its neck militarily in Indochina got some oblique accreditation from a "notebook" item of *New York Times* reporter Sydney H. Schanberg.

Schanberg told of an interview with an unnamed American Embassy official in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, during which the old question arose whether American military men attached to the embassy (numbering about 100) ever broke the congressional ban against acting as military advisers to the Cambodians or whether they stuck to their stated jobs of gathering battle information and supervising the delivery and use of American arms.

About Schools/LNS

The U.S. official was emphatic: the embassy was being extremely careful not to give military advice.

Then the telephone rang. The official spoke in urgent tones for some minutes, Schanberg wrote, and came back to explain that the insurgents had just badly shot up a river supply convoy and that two barges carrying 1,000 tons of rice were floating free and about to fall into the hands of insurgents. The Cambodian high command wanted to know what to do, the official said.

"They asked our advice," the official unwittingly commented to Schanberg. Then he caught himself—and broke into an embarrassed grin.

(As for the barges, the Cambodians, it developed, asked permission to sink them in order to keep the insurgents from getting the rice. They were "advised" not to do that, as the barges themselves were costly and worth saving. In the end, the Cambodian Navy was unable to save the barges, the rice went to the insurgents, and the operation was a total loss.)

Odds and Ends

—Representatives of 14 ad agencies sat in on the Army's Washington briefing dealing with its "Recruiting Command account." The prize: a slice of $40 million of advertising money. It's a big pie, but a number of the largest agencies aren't nibbling. Too much paper work.

—A Montclair, N.J., woman helped *The Progressive* past the halfway mark in its $98,000 survival-fund drive with a check and covering note: "I was going to use the money for a belly-dancing course, but you need to float more than I need to wiggle." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Critic's Choice

Rock Hill, S. C.

To the Editors: I was delighted to see John Heidenry's "prize" to A.O.J. Cockshut's *Truth to Life* as the best book he's read in 1974, and I concur; it's certainly the best example of belles lettres to have made an appearance in quite some time. [Dec. 6].

I'd be happy—and perhaps Mr. Heidenry would be, as well—to see *Commonweal* start off a discreet Cockshut Claque. He is a ranking expert on the 19th century and its thinkers and movements, a prose stylist of considerable parts, and a writer far too little known in this country. Some of your readers might be glad to know about his other work, such as *Anthony Trollope, Anglican Attitudes, The Unbelievers,* and *The Imagination of Charles Dickens.*

(BRO.) WILLIAM WELLS, C.O.

Chilean Options

Sydney, Cape Breton

To the Editors: Abigail McCarthy's comments [Dec. 6] on recent Chilean history are painted with a fairly wide brush, particularly as regards to the assumption that Frei may have represented a "middle way" between opponents of the right and left, aided by "powerful international forces."

How much help the left actually got (or needed) may be questioned, although in the whole picture this may be irrelevant. The Chilean left has in any event a long and authentically indigenous history. As for the right, one might suggest that the powerful international forces aiding it represent the same power base as the international forces aiding Frei himself.

If one in fact believes that Frei represented a viable option, the criticism of American assistance might well be that, aside from electoral politics, it was insufficient. Richard Gott of the *Guardian* wrote sometime about the

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SPIES AT HOME

Were the Watergate revelations the very small tip of a very large iceberg? The fear that this is so and that unexpected and sinister revelations lie just below the surface will not down, and the charges made by investigative reporter Seymour M. Hersh of the *New York Times* against the Central Intelligence Agency will substantially contribute to such fears, as made plain by Sisyphus elsewhere in this issue. The hope was that the Nixon resignation would put an end to the national disquiet, but obviously there must be more of a national housecleaning before the American people can afford to relax again. According to some of Mr. Hersh's sources, a widespread destruction of records has begun at the CIA, and the present head of the agency is quoted as saying, "I think family skeletons are best left where they are—in the closet." In no way should such a coverup be allowed to take place.

The charges made by Mr. Hersh against the CIA are summarized by Sisyphus in his column; their gravity should not be underestimated, nor should the government be allowed to brush them aside. If the *Times* reporter's sources are halfway accurate, the CIA carried out a massive domestic intelligence operation against antiwar and other dissident groups in direct violation of the law under which the agency was founded. In the process, it is charged, intelligence files on at least 10,000 Americans were maintained by a special secret unit, CIA agents regularly followed and photographed demonstrators, at least one member of Congress was said to be under CIA surveillance, and dossiers were kept on other "suspicious" Congressmen. At the time the CIA was established, one Congressman is quoted as having said, "We don't want a Gestapo," and Congress placed severe restrictions on the new agency precisely because it was concerned to prevent police state tactics. The fear now, of course, is that the beginnings of such totalitarian tactics have been revealed, carried out by men who seemingly regarded themselves as above the law. (One source quoted by Mr. Hersh said: "This wasn't a series of isolated events. It was highly

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coordinated. People were targeted, information was collected on them, and it was all put on computer tapes, just like the agency does with information about Soviet agents. Every one of these acts was blatantly illegal.")

It is in this context of official illegality that one must view Washington reaction to the CIA disclosures. President Ford is said to have immediately informed the intelligence agency that he will tolerate no illegal domestic operations during his Administration, and this is good. But it would be quite unsatisfactory to leave the matter in the hands of the commission Mr. Ford has appointed. The "impartial" character of an all-male, all-white commission dominated by a retired general, Ronald Reagan and assorted Establishment hard-line types is well illustrated by its chairman, Nelson Rockefeller, hottest of the cold warriors and a man who served on President Nixon's Intelligence Advisory Board as recently as last year. So much for objectivity. Even aside from its stacked membership, however, a presidential commission cannot now do what is needful. Over the last two years the public has been badly burned by chicanery and deception on the part of the Executive branch; even if the members of the new White House panel were clearly impartial, no presidentially appointed panel can at this point in history command public confidence.

Given this situation, what to do? Congress must assert its authority, and various congressional committees plan investigations. Here we like best the proposal of Clark M. Clifford, former Secretary of Defense who helped to draft the legislation setting up the CIA in 1947. "Previous investigations into the CIA by ordinary [Senate and House] Committees haven't got very far," Mr. Clifford said. "The seriousness of this is such that I would recommend a full and exhaustive investigation by a special committee." We agree with Mr. Clifford; the charges against the CIA are grave, and they carry with them implications frightening enough to warrant investigation by an extraordinary select committee of Congress. The abuses of recent years have done great damage to democratic life in this country, and the CIA disclosures provide another disheartening example. Only a thoroughgoing effort can now restore public confidence, not only in the intelligence establishment but in the very process of orderly and lawful government.

GUILTY!

It is long since a commonplace that Richard Nixon, though in hiding at San Clemente, was a defendant in the Watergate cover-up trial in Washington's Federal District Court—just as surely as were John N. Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman, John D. Ehrlichman, Robert C. Mardian and Kenneth W. Parkinson. But commonplaces bear repeating when they are as significant as they are indisputable.

Richard Nixon was not present in Judge Sirica's courtroom, to be sure. But he was figuratively in the dock. And just as the White House tapes convicted four of those five high-ranking Nixon Administration officials (only Parkinson being acquitted), so did they convict the former President. A curious presidential pardon leaves Richard Nixon beyond the law, but the Washington trial insures that he is not left beyond the judgment of history and of the majority of the American people. An untried Nixon deprives the public of some ancillary information; it does not restore, much less rehabilitate, Nixon. He remains a broken man, as thoroughly disgraced as it is possible for anyone of his stature to be. Perhaps this is as it should be. Justice does not always demand the final, crushing humiliation. Justice has its subtle dimensions, and in this instance that may be to leave Richard Nixon to his conscience.

The Nixon conscience, we may presume from all that is known of the man, will provide inuring effect against many of the ghosts of Watergate. But, going back to the trial, it would have to be a conscience of iron to insulate him from discomfort over his failure to testify or volunteer a deposition for four persons closest to him personally and officially. Whatever one may think of Messrs. Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mardian as individuals and public servants, they had claims on the testimony of Richard Nixon. His failure to respond to their legal motions advertises yet another unsavory side of his character. The tapes proved him to be unmitigated liar; his default bared him as an abandoner of friends, an ingrate and a coward.

Whatever all that, the cover-up trial is over, and the sweepingness of the verdict, and the dispatch with which it was arrived at, stamp a finality—or so we prefer to presume—on this aspect of the sorry business of Watergate. There will be the inevitable appeals to higher courts, and at some stage portions of the verdict may be overturned by technicalities of one sort or another. Nevertheless, for all practical purposes the cover-up issue is resolved, and behind us as much as it ever can be—or ever should be. Its lessons, however, must never be lost, as these apply both to the exercise of political power and respect for the laws of the land.

One final word: it would have been fitting for President Ford to say something more about the verdict than "I don't think it's appropriate for me to comment." It is difficult to imagine anything more worthy of presidential comment than the outcome of a case that had preoccupied the country and tested the political and judicial systems so thoroughly over a period of years. On the other hand, maybe it is as well. It was obscenity enough having to follow him as he played on the ski slopes of Vail, while the nation's unemployment climbed to its largest number since 1940. Some typical Ford inanities on a matter so important as the outcome of the cover-up trial might only have tested digestive tracts.

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Shaping the End of A Divinity School?

In those heady days for theology following Vatican Council II, it seemed like an idea whose time had come: the establishment in 1967 at St. Louis University of the first divinity school on a Catholic campus other than at the episcopal Catholic University in Washington. But in the eight years since, it has several times seemed that the time for that idea had quickly run out. Much of the support on which the school's bright future was predicated has since been withdrawn. Now the university itself is wavering and 1967 seems a long time ago.

It was in January of that year that the Society of Jesus announced it would move its theological seminary, St. Mary's (Kan.) College, back to the St. Louis University campus (the seminary had been on campus from 1899 to 1930) and reorganize it as a divinity school. It would be open to non-Jesuits, non-seminarians and even non-Catholics and an eventual enrollment of 800 was predicted. Third- and fourth-year students at the St. Louis Archdiocese's major seminary would join their Jesuit counterparts at the school.

The larger enrollment and academic setting, it was thought, would allow superior education for both diocesan and Jesuit seminarians while providing training also for members of religious orders too small to support adequate seminary programs. With the church then struggling to enter the modern world, it was thought also that the university setting would properly expose seminarians to lay students in other disciplines on the urban campus.

The plan needed and had the support of the then Archbishop of St. Louis, Cardinal Joseph E. Ritter. And in a way the Divinity School's problems began before it opened its doors in the fall of 1967 when in June of that year Cardinal Ritter died. The prelate who would succeed Ritter the following March was to take a dimmer view of the modernization of ministerial training. In 1970, Cardinal John J. Carberry announced that henceforth archdiocesan seminarians would once again be trained in the safer confines of Kenrick Seminary.

Meanwhile, seminary enrollment everywhere was declining. The number of Jesuits preparing for ordination in the United States dropped about 40 percent in the Divinity School's first five years of existence. In January of 1973, the Jesuits announced plans to eliminate two of their five theologates. Dropped were Woodstock College in New York and the St. Louis University School of Divinity.

So, in six years, the Divinity School had lost its two major sources of students, and in some observers' view, its *raison d'être*. But the school was not completely dependent on seminarians. In 1973, Jesuit scholastics made up only about 15 percent of the full-time enrollment of 270. The school had built a modest reputation for graduate studies in religious formation and spiritual development and had developed new professional programs for nuns entering and older priests rethinking pastoral work. Those associated with the school did not see it as simply a Jesuit seminary and vowed it would continue.

Most importantly, pledges of support were quickly forthcoming from the university administration. But Father Paul C. Reinert, S.J., then university president, had already announced that he was going to step down to the new post of chancellor and concentrate on fundraising. In April of 1974, after a two-year "search," a new president was elected. Father Daniel C. O'Connell, S.J., assumed the university presidency on July 1, 1974. His inauguration was not until October, but he did not wait to begin reshaping the university to his ideals.

Father O'Connell had been a professor of psychology at the school for 10 years and rector of the Jesuit community there for one. He quickly let it be known that he believed a dangerous secularization had been creeping into the university and that its Catholicity needed more emphasis. Just as quickly, but not as publicly, he appointed a committee of three outside priests to review theological education on campus.

Soon after the opening of this school year, the committee's existence and its recommendations were made known. The School of Divinity and the university's mainly undergraduate theology department, the committee said, should be merged in a single department within the College of Arts and Sciences. Practically, such a merger would mean that the School of Divinity would cease to exist, although some of its graduate programs might be continued in the new department. The theology department currently functions almost entirely on the undergraduate level where it provides mandatory courses for bachelor degree candidates.

The proposal was strongly opposed by several campus groups, and most of the Divinity School faculty boycotted Father O'Connell's inauguration in protest. In the midst of the controversy it was revealed that Father William J. Sullivan, S.J., had been notified this past August that he would be removed as dean of the Divinity School at the end of this school year. Sullivan, the school's second dean, came to the post from Marquette University in November of 1971. Father O'Connell says Sullivan's removal was not connected with the merger proposal but he won't reveal the reasons behind the action. Father Sullivan suggests there is a connection but he won't reveal what reasons for the removal he was given by O'Connell.

This affair and suggestions from both sides that only "charity" prevents stronger name-calling gives the cur-

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rent controversy the appearance of typical academic infighting. There is undoubtedly some of that involved but at the same time the conflict is of a church nature that is broader than academic wrangling.

The School of Divinity in many ways represents the new church on campus. It may not have fulfilled the promise of 1967, but it has been trying. Its faculty members have spoken out on the progressive side of the theological issues; its students have been in the forefront of social activism; the school has been a center for liturgical experimentation and ecumenical advancement in the St. Louis area. And in an archdiocese on the retreat from Vatican II progressivism, the Divinity School stands as a symbol of continued church renewal.

Now, it seems to many that Father O'Connell would like to return the university's theological role to the more traditional and apologetic one performed by Catholic colleges in the old church (and still performed to a large extent by the university's theology department). With the new quiet and conservatism in the church and on campus, it probably seemed like a good time to make the move. (The student body recently voted in favor of a university plan to bring its ROTC program back on the campus from which it was evicted in response to student antiwar protests of the '60s.)

But the merger proposal was so soundly opposed on campus (and reportedly by the Jesuits' Missouri Province) that Father O'Connell is now trying to disown it and to assume a position of neutrality. And a new study of the Divinity School and the theology department is being made by the Academic Affairs Committee of the university's predominantly lay Board of Trustees. The committee's report is expected to be before the board for possible action at its next meeting on Jan. 25.

Father Sullivan says he is confident that the Board of Trustees will decide to continue the School of Theology and that the school will emerge in "a stronger position for having been through the bonfire." Further, Father O'Connell says he is confident that the whole review process will be beneficial to the university and the "primacy of theology" on campus. It was to force such a review and not to eliminate the School of Divinity that he initiated the outside study, the new president says. Yet he remains convinced of one thing: "Some form of consolidation is absolutely imperative. We can't afford—and I mean that in every sense of the word, not just money—to continue two isolated operations here."

If the university board should agree and the Divinity School operation is slated for extinction, it will say a lot about the theological poverty—in every sense of the word—of the Catholic Church in the United States.

MARGARET M. CARLAN

(*Margaret M. Carlan, formerly with the* St. Louis Review, *is on the editorial staff of the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

WASHINGTON REPORT

WATCHING THE WATCHDOGS

"Power is the greatest crime, mitigated only by responsibility." —William Faulkner

Institutional disasters, whelped by the Cold War and its attendant mentality, continue. Vietnam and Mylai . . . foreign aid and Pakistan . . . Cuba and Castro . . . Watergate and the Presidency . . . etc. . . .

The latest revelation, unwrapped during the Christmas season by Seymour Hersh of the *New York Times*, relates to operations of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

Day-after-day, Hersh wrote stories about allegations that the CIA, in his words, "had violated its charter by conducting massive, illegal intelligence operations aimed at (domestic) anti-war activists and other American dissidents inside the United States." The CIA's files, according to Hersh, include information about "at least" 10,000 American citizens.

Hersh, incidentally, is the "hired gun" on the reportorial staff of the *Times*, which insists that it is a newspaper of record, but consistently muffs stories in Washington. Its editors in Washington and New York should spend less time feuding with each other and worry less about reporters who write "over" instead of "more than" and confuse the arcane uses of "that" and "which." Even giving them credit for publishing the Hersh stories, these editors need to spend less time with Fowler's *Modern English Usage* and more time insisting that their reporters cover the news and stop playing footsie with congressional chieftains and Cabinet members. Hersh's stories have upset the old-school-tie chaps of the *Times*—as reflected in an editorial about Hersh's stories. This editorial was a milk-and-water one, which not only did not mention Hersh, its own reporter, but also treated the matter as if it involved a couple of Exeter Academy boys found haying a water-fight in the dorm after lights-out. Well, as Teddy Roosevelt once said, some things and some people have the guts of a chocolate eclair.

In fact, Hersh's stories strengthen a supposition, ex-

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pressed in these columns, that the Watergate was less scandal and more in the nature of an attenuated, but sloppy, attempted coup d'etat.

A British minister of the last century gave what could be the most sympathetic, or, at least, understandable characterization of the allegations contained in the Hersh articles. Lord Salisbury phrased it this way on one occasion when speaking in Parliament: "If you believe doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe theologians, nothing is innocent; and if you believe soldiers, nothing is safe."

And so with the CIA or the FBI—or your local police department. It's in the nature of the beast—however necessary the beast is/may be.

It's not easy for Hersh to write about the CIA. One may correctly assume that "the Company," as some CIA employes refer to it in mixed social gatherings, will probe into and prowl around his personal life as it will anyone else's who writes or speaks publicly in critical fashion. Not that the CIA is without newspaper friends. Joseph Kraft, whose relationship with CIA officials has been occasionally perceived, has already defended it in one of his syndicated columns published just a few days after Hersh's first story was printed. Kraft's staunch defense of the incumbent CIA Director, William Colby, (*Baltimore Sun*, Dec. 26, 1974) is in direct opposition to that of Victor Marchetti, a former high-ranking official of the CIA, as published in a current issue of a bunny magazine, *Penthouse*. Marchetti is also a co-author of a new book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. Another friend of the CIA is Tom Braden, also a syndicated columnist. At this writing, he's not yet been heard from, but he will be.

The scope of the Hersh story—the first one occupied approximately nine newspaper columns—was so wide that it could not be routinely slapped down by a government press agent. Persons both within and without the Company had babbled to Hersh. President Ford, vacationing in Colorado, requested a report, to his credit. Richard Helms, CIA director during the period Hersh's stories suggest the Agency illegally worked its agents within the United States, ducked for cover. Later, he denied it all. But, last year Helms, during his confirmation hearing in the Senate, when asked by Senator Case of New Jersey, said: "I don't recall" whether the CIA was asked by President Nixon's men to join with the FBI and other agencies in domestic surveillance of the anti-Vietnam war movement.

As other press people joined Hersh in the hunt, the CIA, in typical bureaucratic fashion, threw one of its operatives to the hounds. He's James Angleton, 57, in charge of the CIA's counter-intelligence efforts, which, the Hersh stories said, included illegal domestic activities. With a bang, not a whimper, Angleton resigned. Unlike John le Carré's "hero," Angleton was pushed to come in out of the cold.

Whatever the validity of its intelligence-gathering functions, the CIA is a fearsome giant in a representative democracy. The failure of our intelligence services, as revealed by the Pearl Harbor post-mortem, helped break ground for a centralized intelligence institution. The Cold War gave it birth. But the legislation establishing the CIA prohibited it from engaging in internal-security (domestic) activities; this was left to the FBI. However, it appears that globe-trotting anti-war activists—Sanford Gottlieb of SANE, for example—are observed by the CIA whether in Paris or at SANE's Washington office, 318 Massachusetts Avenue, North-East. This in spite of the 1947 statute (Title 50, Section 403, U.S. Code) that stipulates "the Agency (the CIA, i.e.) shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement or internal-security functions . . ."

The CIA is an intramural institution. CIA employes in responsible positions are encouraged, if not required, to reside with their families in specific communities in the Washington area. Those returned to Washington on rotation seem to reside successively in the same rental units. They tend to socialize among themselves. A few years ago, one middle-aged wife of a CIA official told another woman, "You're the first non-Agency wife I've ever gotten to know." Occasionally, such security breaks down as when a young son of a CIA official, who had returned from a "trip" of several weeks, brought over to a neighboring (non-CIA) household some Greek coins that "my father left on the bureau." The trip covered the period during a violent change in the Greek government.

All except a few of the 535 members of Congress do not know when they are voting funds for the CIA, or how much (the amount is in dispute, but $6 billion is a recurring figure) or what for. The funds are scattered among several departmental budgets under false identities. Indeed, most members until recently have not wanted to know. Congressional monitoring of the CIA is ineffective—or more precisely, *effective* from the standpoint of spy-minded CIA officials. There are subcommittees of the Appropriations and Armed Services Committees of both the House of Representatives and the Senate which are charged with the responsibility for congressional supervision. Most members of these (four) subcommittees are political conservatives whose views are best expressed by one of them, the current chairman of the Armed Services Committee of the Senate, John Stennis of Mississippi. Recently, in a floor speech, Stennis said: "You have to make up your mind that you are going to have an intelligence agency and protect it as such and shut your eyes some and take what is coming."

So much for congressional supervision to date.

Fortunately, this attitude is changing. Senators Proxmire and Baker and Rep. Harrington are gaining support among their colleagues for substantive supervision of an agency that:

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- Meddled in the National Student Association a few years ago.
- Permitted its equipment to be used in the burglary of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate office building.
- Apparently assigned its employes to train members of local police departments.
- And, according to Hersh, agreed to the Nixon Administration's request to let CIA employes shadow domestic political dissidents.

These, and perhaps other yet undisclosed domestic activities, are in addition to its work abroad in the back-alleys and barrooms of national rivalries.

A few critics of the CIA would abolish the agency. But most don't. Marchetti in his criticisms doesn't object to having a CIA. He does criticize an overemphasis on clandestine activities, particularly covert action. Intelligence-gathering activities, he accepts, as do most other critics. In fairness, many CIA officials have been alarmed about covert actions—even as to questioning their value.

The task of asserting control over the CIA in an effective and responsible manner is not an easy one. The issue leads itself to demagoguery by headline hunters among both stand-patters and revisionists. The risk of a whitewash is high if left to the congressional subcomittees, now charged with responsibility for oversight, because their leadership is not congenial to such an inquiry. An Executive Branch inquiry, with both Henry Kissinger and Vice President Rockefeller, a strong supporter of CIA, looking over the shoulders of investigators, is not promising. There is talk of a special civilian review panel presided over perhaps by a Justice of the Supreme Court. From the standpoint of working further toward a revitalization of the legislative branch, an inquiry by a specially elected joint congressional panel holds promise as events help force the Congress to a walk from its baby-crawl of the last 30 years. The 93d Congress, which just concluded, did rouse itself to expel a President, trim the powers of a President to commit troops to combat overseas, and to re-assert its latent powers of budgetary control. A successful inquiry as to the proper limits of CIA activities would be useful both as to the inquiry itself and to the strengthening of the legislative branch vis-à-vis the President.

Perhaps in the course of such an inquiry, both branches would acknowledge the validity of that phrase in a bishop's oath taken upon consecration—"Nolo episcopari." The Hersh allegations require a thorough inquiry.

Sunlight is still the best disinfectant. The sinister corridors of our era will lure still more of our leaders if the CIA is not brought to heel.

We've come a long way since the late '20s when Secretary of State Stimson turned off his department's cryptography section with an observation, "Gentlemen do not read other gentlemen's mail." SISYPHUS

SR. ELLEN MURPHY

FLOURISHES FOR A FRIEND ABSENT IN TIME

"There is a world of difference between forgetting and remembering." V. Woolf, *A Writer's Journal*

Summer's time winds down. Gardens run
counterclockwise into memory. Along the sidewalks
rows of bright trumpets, deep-toned, purple,
blow their soft flourishes. Green leaves
crisp into metal. Whitest green
quavers in winds. Pink petunias flare
clear as the clarion red, the striped.

My thoughts run counterclockwise
into memory where time abides. I am led
by this one last vivid flourish of fluted petunias
to your closed door, your presence summoned
as these final notes
open the way to you.

This inward turn of sentience winds a spring
eternally in time's unwinding world.

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THE COMMUNAL CATHOLIC

MICHAEL NOVAK

Over the years, the Catholics of the East, I think, have sold Andrew Greeley short. He never had quite the astringent, reserved and disciplined style we admired; he never quite hit the right Eastern notes. But the years prove a great deal that events of a single season do not; a human being is measured, after a time, by the full weight of his contributions, by the whole rounded picture of what he has been attempting.

Some years ago, Greeley's columns used to use an image of me (or of my friend, Daniel Callahan) as a voodoo doll in which to punch needling asides; my mother, a little troubled, used to mail them to me underlined. Recently, since I began to write on ethnicity, Greeley has been more kindly. (It will not last; he loves, as I do, independence.) At about the same time, I began to read Greeley with a new kind of interest and respect; his books on ethnicity led to others.

John Cogley first pointed out to me that Greeley has, probably, the greatest natural vein of journalistic talent of any American Catholic; he is a natural-born pamphleteer, a polemicist who writes quickly, crisply, colorfully. Francis X. Murphy recently likened him to Belloc and Chesterton. In his mixture of truly scholarly and, on the other hand, ephemeral and topical prose, the only comparable American figure might be Orestes Brownson. Greeley's practice of the intellectual life, at least, is rather like theirs: wide-ranging, combative, various, restless, seeking almost always the intelligent general reader. He is not abashed to write and think outside his field as an intelligent amateur as though with a nineteenth-century European disdain for mere professionalism.

Greeley's interpretations of the life of the spirit in our age, at least among Catholics (and perhaps especially among the much freer, less beaten down, and more flexible Catholics of the Midwest) has often flashed with provocation and insight. His recent essay on Mary in the *New York Times* is a lovely jewel.

There are criticisms I would make of Greeley's work, and there are writers of our generation whose talents or achievements in some respects I hold in higher esteem. But intellectual historians of the future will note with awe the inventiveness and solidity of the central core of his work, and the many brilliant pieces he has fashioned in a staggering number of different areas. He may be the most central Catholic writer of our era. (Rosemary Ruether's extraordinarily large output and range marks her as another on whom future historians will be obliged to comment with more esteem than her contempories have shown.)

A recent essay of Greeley's in the *National Catholic Reporter*, "The Communal Catholic" [Nov. 1], gave final impulse to my re-evaluation of Greeley's *corpus*. The context of that essay is important.

Intelligent Catholics are in the midst of an extraordinary re-assessment, even more promising than during the period of the Council a decade ago. Then, by comparison, matters were easier: It was "rejuvenation" versus "immobilism" and let the fur fly. Today, it is much more a matter of sorting out the wheat from the chaff on all sides. Then it was, so to speak, left-wing versus right-wing; today, there are fascinating arguments both on the left and on the right. It is not so clear where fidelity to the Catholic people, and fidelity to humanity itself, truly call. Good people are choosing different battlecries, different allies, and different tactics. In all the commotion, what really is worth basing one's life upon?

Greeley distinguishes rather sharply between Catholicism as an ecclesiastical institution in America (including subsidiary, independent, laity-controlled institutions like the *National Catholic Reporter*) and, on the other hand, Catholics as a collectivity within American pluralism. The latter is a "Catholic community" in roughly the same way that there is a "Jewish community," "black community," or "Bible Belt Protestant community." Catholics, he says, have not as clearly observed this distinction as other collectivities have. In other collectivities, many non-ecclesiastical organizations are considered valid spokesmen for the community, within it and outside it. Catholics have tended to let ecclesiastical officials speak for Catholics.

Greeley now predicts that other centers of power will arise among Catholics, other centers of self-consciousness and self-awareness. The ecclesiastical center will decline in influence; "communal Catholics" will grow in influence.

Many respondents to Greeley's article suggest that the *children* of communal Catholics will drift away. They miss the most important point Greeley is making. Let me put it in my own words: to be a Catholic is not so much to belong to an organization as to belong to a people. It is, willy-nilly, even without having chosen it, to have a differentiated point of view and sensibility, to have participated in a certain historical way of life, to have become a different sort of human being. Children of Catholics will almost certainly share in these differences for generations to come, unless quite dramatic steps are taken to blot the differences out. Mere "drift," mere explicit rejection, will not do it.

Each generation, to be sure, is different in some respects from the preceding. What makes the Catholic people so historically tough and pertinacious, however, is their realism and their

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CAMPAIGN DOLLARS AND SENSE

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

One more indication of the thoughtlessness of the Congress

Does the campaign finance reform act go far enough? The question is not whether it goes far enough, but whether it goes in the right direction.

Advocates of the measure generally hold that money is the root of all political evil—money rather than stupidity, inordinate desire for power, or concern about one's place in history (formerly called pride).

Had the campaign finance act been in force in 1972, one defender of the law has said, Watergate would not have happened. Why not? Would Richard Nixon have been defeated in 1968 if the campaign finance law had been in effect? Would the Nixon campaign committee of 1972 have hesitated to spend money derived from the tax check-off to finance the Watergate activity, any more than they hesitated to use money collected either legally or illegally in 1972????

The passage of the campaign finance bill is one more indication of the thoughtlessness of the Congress, of its lack of sensitivity to the function of ideas and of institutions in American democracy. It may be the most serious, following after (1) its approval of the Twenty-Fifth Amendment, an ill-conceived and badly-written amendment; (2) the approval of the so-called volunteer army, which act insures an unrepresentative and undemocratic, mercenary army; and (3) the passage of the revenue-sharing act, under conditions of panic and pressure from state governments and under the conditioning force of the economists who predicted unlimited economic growth and, consequently, a miraculous increase in federal revenues which could best be distributed to the states for their disposal.

The passage of the campaign finance act and its approval and support by the Democratic and Republican parties raises further questions as to the reliability of those parties and of their leaders as defenders of the Constitution and of democratic ideas.

A Republican supporter of the law commented on the floor of the House just before its passage: "I believe within this conference report there are at least 100 items questionable from a constitutional standpoint. Any time we pass legislation in this field we are causing constitutional doubts to be raised. I have many myself. . . ." The Democrat who managed the bill in the House said: "I do not know whether it is constitutional or not." And President Gerald Ford, upon signing the bill into law, released a statement in which he said: "And although I do have reservations about the First Amendment implications inherent in the limits on individual contributions and candidate expenditures, I am sure that such issues can be resolved in the courts."

Leaders of both parties were thus willing to evade the serious constitutional problems involved in the bill and to pass those problems on to the courts, which are already overburdened with challenges to other bad laws.

The founding fathers did not want the Congress or the President to evade responsibility in this fashion. In fact, the Presidential oath of office—including the pledge to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States"—was written into the Constitution itself. The early Presidents took most seriously their role as guardian of the Constitution; they exercised the veto power more often because of constitutional doubts than

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for any other reason. The Constitution also provides that members of the Congress "shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution"; and the wording of their oath of office is prescribed by statute. The traditional reluctance of the courts to strike down Congressional legislation—even when the justices have grave doubts as to the constitutionality of a law—should make members of the Congress more keenly aware of their own responsibility to tne Constitution.

Why, then, did the legislative and executive branches of the government evade their responsibilities in the case of the campaign finance law? One reason was that various reform groups exerted great pressure for passage of the law. Abuses revealed in the Watergate hearings moved many citizens and organizations to support reform of any kind. While their concern was justified, some of them supported cures that are worse than the sickness.

A second reason for passage of the bill was suggested by President Ford in the formal statement released at the time he signed the bill: "I am pleased with the bipartisan spirit that has led to this legislation. Both the Republican National Committee and the Democratic National Committee have expressed their pleasure with this bill, noting that it allows them to compete fairly."

It is assumed that if a proposal has bipartisan support, it is good. Why?

In any case, the two party committees were right in expressing pleasure. The new law may not provide fair competition between the two of them, but it effectively limits competition from any new group.

Anyone who has watched the two parties operate on a state level should not be surprised when they act as a trade association on the national level. The two have long cooperated in passing state laws which discourage Independent candidates and new parties from presenting effective challenges. The new campaign finance law is a logical extension, at a higher level, of the trade association's prior activities.

The new law's discrimination against Independent candidates and other outside challengers is most clearly apparent in the provisions for Presidential elections. The law provides public funding, through the tax checkoff system, of $2 million for the next Democratic national convention and $2 million for the next Republican national convention. The rationale for this is that it will prevent the temptations presented by the old system of financing conventions by selling to large corporations advertising space in convention program books. The major parties, having committed some rather major sins, are to be protected from temptations rather than tested and held responsible.

What the law defines as a "minor party" would be entitled to a smaller convention subsidy; but no existing party meets the law's definition of a "minor party." That definition includes only a party which won at least 5 percent of the votes in the last Presidential election. None of the smaller parties which competed in the 1972 Presidential election won that high a percentage of the vote.

The Presidential nominee of each major party will receive $20 million in public funding for the general election campaign in 1976. Minor parties could receive a smaller subsidy—if there were any minor parties. The law's careful provision for non-existent minor parties may have been patterned on a scene from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*:

> "Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.
>
> Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.
>
> "There isn't any," said the March Hare.

Theoretically, an Independent Presidential candidate or the candidate of a "new party" (one that has just formed or one that received less than 5 percent of the vote in the last Presidential election) might be eligible for some public funding—but not until after the general election, and even then would be eligible only if he or she had obtained at least 5 percent of the vote, and even in that case would not be eligible for the same amount received by major-party candidates unless winning the average of their vote. An Independent or third-party candidate could in fact run second in a three-way race and receive a smaller share of federal funds than the privileged party candidate who had run third.

Quite apart from the deeper issue of discrimination is the question of whether public financing of campaigns is a good thing. There is a basic conflict and danger in having the government itself strongly influence the political process by which it is chosen.

A proposal to have the federal government finance political activities—especially party activities—would have lasted about five minutes at the Constitutional Convention. It would have been rejected as a repudiation of the basic theory of democracy. One-hundred and eighty-seven years later, the proposal is still contrary to the theory of democracy—and also, I believe, unconstitutional. As noted previously, even Democrats and Republicans in the Congress—and President Ford—seemed to be worried about its constitutionality.

The new law also discriminates against those citizens who wish to challenge incumbent members of the Congress. (There is no public funding for Congressional candidates, but there are severe limits—beginning in 1975—on campaign spending by such candidates.) This is a special problem in the case of House incumbents. The law initially limits House candidates to spending $84,000 in a primary election and $84,000 in a general election. An inflation escalator clause raises the initial limit; and a provision allowing political party contributions in general elections raises the limit even higher.

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Yet the final limit is low enough to prevent effective challenges in some districts. Consider a liberal candidate who is running in Manchester, New Hampshire—the city of the *Manchester Union Leader*, which day after day supports conservative officeholders and candidates.

Representatives who are running for re-election are given no handicap—despite their built-in advantages of Congressional staff, district offices, Library of Congress research service, government-supported newsletters, and so forth. Incumbents can spend as much for direct campaign costs as can their challengers; the plain effect of this is discrimination against challengers.

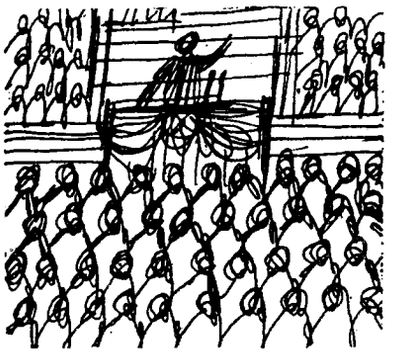
Even some members of the Congress who supported the bill as a whole expressed serious reservations about its favoritism toward incumbents. Senator James Buckley of New York, who opposed the bill, called it the "Incumbent Protection Act of 1974" and said, "To offer this bill in the name of reform is an act of unprecedented cynicism." The conservative Buckley added, "It is particularly disturbing that Senators who had heretofore been considered civil libertarians have rushed to support this measure without considering alternative means, less drastic in their scope, of accomplishing their purposes." Alluding to the Constitution's guarantee of free speech, Buckley said that:

> The fear of overly persuasive campaigns, particularly when expressed by incumbent members of Congress, strikes dangerously close to prohibited suppression of speech because of its content. It must certainly give the Supreme Court pause when they see officeholders with vested interests in remaining officeholders passing legislation that restricts the ability of potential opponents and average citizens alike to alter the political makeup of the Congress.

Although the discrimination against challengers is most evident in the case of House campaigns, it also appears in Senate campaigns and even in Presidential campaigns. The publicly-subsidized advantages of an incumbent President are rather obvious. Less obvious, but still significant, are the advantages of an incumbent Senator who runs for the Presidency. A recent *Atlantic* article on Senator Henry Jackson, a frontrunner for the Democratic nomination in 1976, said that Jackson's regular Senate staff, Interior Committee staff, and subcommittee staff amounted to 85 persons. The background research and the publicity that such staff people provide —at taxpayers' expense—is very great. And it is quite legal and proper for Senator Jackson to use them directly for his Senate duties and thus indirectly for his Presidential campaign. But a Presidential candidate who is not in public office must try to match this staff capacity with campaign money that is subject to strict limits. In realistic terms, Senator Jackson may well be 20-30 staff members ahead of any non-incumbent challenger. He is also well ahead of other incumbent Senators, since his seniority gives him control over many more staff people than most Senators have.

The new law also discriminates against poor and middle-income candidates. An individual can contribute no more than $2,000 to another person's campaign for federal office ($1,000 in the primary and $1,000 in the general election) and no more than $25,000 to all other persons' campaigns for federal office. Yet a wealthy Presidential candidate can contribute $50,000 to his own campaign; a wealthy Senate candidate can contribute $35,000 to his own campaign; and a wealthy House candidate can contribute $25,000 to his own campaign. The law thus includes class discrimination among its inequities.

Why shouldn't a non-wealthy candidate be permitted to receive from someone else one $50,000 contribution for a Presidential campaign; or one $35,000 contribution for a Senate campaign; or one $25,000 contribution for a House campaign? The argument for allowing a wealthy candidate to contribute more to his own campaign holds that such a person represents only himself.



Yet elected officials are supposed to be representatives of their constituencies, as Gerald Ford suggested when he reportedly said of his record in the Congress: "Forget the voting record. The voting record reflects Grand Rapids." (On becoming Vice President and then President, he indicated that he was his own man. Subsequently, in his first address to the Congress, he suggested that he was everyone's man. And when he pardoned Richard Nixon, Ford referred to himself as "a humble servant of God.")

George E. Agree, who has studied campaign finances for the Twentieth Century Fund, notes another kind of class discrimination in the new law. Candidates running in Presidential primaries will be entitled to public funding on a matching basis once they have raised $100,000 in relatively small, private contributions from at least 20 states. Each private contribution up to $250 will then be matched by a government contribution. In a *New York Times* article of October 28, 1974, Agree remarked that this "enables a rich donor to trigger 250 times as much public funding as a poor donor who may only give $1. Twenty thousand rich people could com-

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mand the same $5 million of tax money as five million poor people."

What the law defines as "multi-candidate committees" are also favored over individual citizens. While an individual may contribute only $2,000 to a Presidential or Congressional candidate, a group like the dairy committee, the AMA committee, or COPE is allowed to contribute $10,000 ($5,000 in the primary and $5,000 in the general election). Moreover, there is no limit on the total amount that a multi-candidate committee can contribute to all campaigns. This loophole is particularly interesting because some of the worst abuses in the 1972 campaign were connected with multi-candidate committees.

The Senate version of the campaign finance bill included specific provisions against voting fraud, which is the most direct kind of political corruption. The conference committee deleted those provisions and gave no explanation for its action.

The conference committee emerged with the worst of all possible worlds: It underwrote the two major parties at precisely the time when more and more voters deserve and want another alternative; it practically guaranteed that incumbents will remain incumbents; it provided special loopholes for wealthy candidates and for multi-candidate committees; it dropped the provisions against voting fraud; and it provided such severe restrictions on individuals' participation as to discourage many citizens from participating in politics at all.

The last feature of the new law is one of the worst. Voter participation in Presidential elections has declined steadily since 1960. Unfairness in the delegate selection process has discouraged participation in primaries by many citizens. State laws which discriminate against Independents and against new-party candidates have discouraged others. The new federal campaign law—as well as some of the more severe state laws on campaign finance—may well increase the barriers to citizen participation. The new federal law is over 40 pages long and very complex. It raises fines for violations up to $25,000. How many volunteer treasurers for Congressional campaigns want to assume that kind of liability, in addition to the possibility of a one-year jail term? For that matter, how many challenging candidates want to assume that kind of liability? Anyone who must operate at all times with an accountant on the right hand and a lawyer on the left hand is likely to be discouraged from participation, to say the least.

Those who worry about citizen apathy should remember that fear is often a major component of apathy. Some people are afraid to speak out at public meetings because they think (often with good reason) that their neighbors will react with hostility. Some are afraid to write letters to editors for the same reason. Some are now afraid to become involved in any financial aspects of a campaign because of the increased complexity of the law—which makes unwitting violations far more likely—and because of the increased penalties for violations. And some now hesitate to contribute because of requirements for disclosure of relatively small contributions. Thus the Socialist Workers party recently sought exemption from a Minnesota disclosure law, citing past harassment of party supporters by the FBI.

Disclosure of large contributions can be defended in the public interest. But one might question the new California requirement that any contribution over $50 must be reported. Requiring disclosure of contributions is, in a sense, an invasion of the secret ballot. There are cases in which the public interest is sufficiently compelling to override one's private interest in the secret ballot, but I am not certain that $50 is the proper place to draw the line. The federal requirement (in both the old and the new laws) that any contribution over $100 must be disclosed seems more reasonable—although the suggestion that a candidate will sell out for $101 is an insult to his integrity.

Democracy involves some risk and some trust, especially in the election process. We have been warned against attempts at over-control by at least two poets. In the sixteenth century, William Shakespeare wrote in *Measure for Measure*, his greatest political drama:

> *Escalus*: What news abroad i' the world?
>
> *Duke*: None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. . . .

And in our own century, William Stafford wrote in his poem "Connections":

> And if we purify the pond, the lilies die.

THOMAS REITER

ICE STORM

Ice has bellied high-tension down
to flash under crosshatching limbs
in the vacant lot behind us. When I left there
at dark, the sulfur fires of refineries
west of here were shining
from the ice encasing every twig, and waiting
for directions.

The children have forgotten
to ask for a bedtime story. Instead, their window
holds them to darkness where utility men
in cherry-pickers angle over the burning barn,
and Rapunzel's hair is let loose
in flames from the towers of refineries.

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LUTHER AND THE SYNOD

JOHN P. HIGGINS

The German Hercules comes to Rome

A 1522 cartoon by Holbein depicts Martin Luther as the German Hercules, wielding a club against the prostrate scholastic philosophers and theologians whose intricate Gothic structures Thomas More's portraitist (for Holbein had an ecumenical taste in minds) and many of the contemporaries felt that the recently excommunicated monk was doing yeoman work in demolishing. Luther's crucial insight into Romans that the just man lives by Faith led him to say later, "I felt as if the gates had opened before me into Paradise." Luther's "Tower Experience" which took place sometime between 1513 and 1519, caused him to explore the link between Faith and human liberation. The whole process was intensified in the months after the monk's initial protest against the peripheral matter of indulgences in October, 1517.

Before John Eck, the sixteenth century's equivalent of William F. Buckley, Jr., and assorted other curial jackals harried the young Augustinian to his wits' end, Luther made one last effort to stay aboard the Bark of Peter. In September, 1520, he wrote a pamphlet which he dedicated to Leo X, the sleek Medici dilettante who was to lower the boom of excommunication on the Wittenberg monk a year later with his bull, "Arise, O Lord, a wild boar has invaded thy vineyard . . .": Leo was fond of the hunt, so the metaphor came naturally. One doubts if he read Luther's last appeal. In the light of the bishops' concern with human liberation and evangelization at their recent synodal meeting in Rome, it seems significant that Luther's pamphlet, "The Freedom of a Christian Man" also deals with the central theme of human liberation imparted by Faith in Christ.

Holbein's cartoon showing Luther as the scholastic giant-killer appeared the year after Luther's excommunication, and graphically shows that the artist and a large number of other Europeans were burning their bridges behind them. It is painful for a Catholic today to realize that the tragedy need never have come to the denouement pictured by Holbein if matters had been handled more sympathetically and tactfully. Not that Luther was an angel: his two other pamphlets of 1520 are written in acid. But Rome has never understood Germans: the recent processes against Küng and Pfürtner are ample evidence of a continuing triumphalist tradition of curial myopia.

As the bishops sifted through the wreckage of the '60s at their recent synod, it would appear that they have found the priceless pearl of the liberating message of the Gospel. The pre-Reformation Church, which nurtured Luther and from which he emerged, had repression and not liberation as its stock in trade. The norms of European culture were at least verbally Christian but more often than not honored in the breach rather than the observance. The Roman Church was pervaded by deep theological confusion, and its efforts at evangelization, feeble as they usually were, were undergirded by threats and worse to the dissenter.

In his last months as a Roman Catholic, it is significant that Luther's thoughts were on liberation in Faith from over-ripe structures. Today, the bishops address a society that is secular and sometimes even atheistic in its cultural values. One does not have to read The Little Red Book or Beckett's latest play to realize that the banality and desperation of it all find an echo in the collapse of Christendom at the Reformation.

A thoroughgoing secular society was but a gleam in Machiavelli's eye when his German contemporary strove to redirect the concerns of the Christian to the liberating message of the Gospel as formalism threatened to choke its expression in the contemporary Church. In our own age, Machiavelli (or, more properly, the sea-change his thought has undergone over the centuries) has triumphed. In the face of this, the bishops state that "we intend to collaborate more diligently with those of our Christian brothers with whom we are not yet in the union of a perfect communion, basing ourselves on the foundation of Baptism and on the patrimony which we hold in common. Thus we can henceforth render to the world a much broader common witness of Christ, while at the same time working to obtain full union in the Lord." Such collaboration as the bishops suggest might include looking at Luther's comments to Pope Leo before his excommunication.

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The bishops speak of their "attempts to radicalize the Gospel in its entirety" which is precisely what Luther tried to do in his own age. In speaking of Christian witness, the bishops state, "we are profoundly convinced that without the grace of God . . . we would be completely incapable of carrying out this mission as it should be done (Cf. Rom. 5:5)." Luther's whole lifework was bound up with this notion of God's grace in Faith (sometimes to the point of imbalance, for his witness was a uniquely personal one with all the limitations that implies) which leads to true freedom. It is distilled in his "The Freedom of a Christian Man."

"A Christian is a perfectly free lord of all subject to none. A Christian is a perfectly dutiful servant of all, subject to all," are the paradoxical theses drawn from St. Paul by which Luther opens his treatise. In the course of his work they become reconciled through the alchemy of God's perfectly free gift of Faith. "No good work can rely upon the Word of God or live in the soul, for faith alone and the Word of God rule in the Soul. Just as the heated iron glows like fire because of the union of fire with it, so the Word imparts its qualities to the soul. It is clear, then, that a Christian has all that he needs in faith and needs no works to justify him; and if he has no need of works, he has no need of the law; and if he has no need of the law, surely he is free from the law. . . . This is that Christian liberty, our faith, which does not induce us to live in idleness or wickedness but makes the law and works unnecessary for any man's righteousness and salvation," Luther affirms. His main point is that Faith in Christ liberates a man to fulfill his destiny in terms of God's unconditional love, a love which places him above the constrictions of the law. For Luther, Faith active in love liberates man.

Ecclesial Schizophrenia

Historically, Luther broke free from the shackles of works righteousness which so seriously marred contemporary Catholic practices. Theological speculation in the nominalist form in which Luther was trained was at one and the same time jealous in the power it assigned to an arbitrary God, and often almost Pelagian in its emphasis on works. In its most extreme forms, nominalism, be it expressed in a philosophical treatise or popular sermon, led to ecclesial schizophrenia.

Luther's leap of Faith lasted his whole life. Protestant scholars like J. Boehmer and P. S. Watson have spoken of the "Copernican Revolution" of Luther's work, the shift from an anthropocentric to a theocentric Faith. A Catholic might mildly reply that Luther's theocentric insight was already extant in the liturgical life of the Roman Church, despite the admitted decadence in this area so characteristic of the pre-Reformation Church. No matter. Catholic scholars like Stephen Pfürtner have shown that the gap between a scholastic Realist like Aquinas and a Nominalist like Luther on the question of salvation may well be more a matter of emphasis and approach than content. I only mention this to show that many of the supposed differences between Evangelical and Catholic may be more apparent than real. Whatever else he or she may say about the reformer, a Catholic today should admit that Luther redirected the energies of the Western Christian community back to basics.

There were reforming currents in the pre-Reformation Church, true. But it took Luther's labors from outside the visible structure to channel these currents into the work perfected at Trent. Catholic and Evangelical then settled into a duel of sword and pen which was to run its dreary course almost until Vatican II. The bishops of the synod are now open to their evangelical brethren because conditions of contemporary society are such that believers, whatever their stripe, are passengers in the same leaky ship. Fishing for souls is no longer the easy enterprise it once was.

If evangelization has become more difficult for Catholic and Evangelical alike, Catholics for their part would do well to reread Luther on Christian liberty. His emphasis that the radical way one stands open to the grace of God received in Faith allows the Christian the freedom to be open to all and serve all provides a foundation and context within whose framework the word "liberation" may take on a truly human meaning, yet one sufficiently transcendent so that the Spirit may move the human family toward the "integral salvation" of which the bishops speak. As Luther says, "We should devote all our works to the welfare of others, since each has such abundant riches in his faith that all his works and his whole life are a surplus with which he can by voluntary benevolence serve and do good to his neighbor." Luther's vision was restricted to Europe, and the bishops rightly add that, "We intend furthermore to seek the collaboration of all men of good will who for reasons which are undoubtedly diverse but sincere, are in search of a deeper meaning to life or are committed to gaining more human conditions of life for their brothers."

For Luther, liberation was a two-edged sword. The German peasants were to understand Christian freedom in a sense different from the Wittenberg Theology Professor. Luther's savage denunciation of their behavior in the Peasants' War of 1525 does him little credit. But the whole episode illustrates the risks that lurk in the word "liberation." Luther used it theologically in an age of great social tension and radical economic dislocation—one very much like our own. While Luther would not countenance political revolution, he still insisted on the obligation of Christians to love their neighbor in word and deed.

Times have changed. It was Robert Kennedy who said, "It is a revolutionary age we live in." The bishops see this, and accept the *fait accompli*. Since the Reforma-

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tion was essentially a revolution in theology, Luther cannot be said to have missed the boat. His concern about liberation was theological, and we need that in an age when the disillusioned inhabitants of the secular city are searching for an organic link to their two-thousand-year-old tradition. In his concluding address to the bishops at the synod, Pope Paul stressed a point which Luther would have applauded when he said, "The totality of salvation is not to be confused with one or another aspect of liberation, and the good news must preserve all of its originality: that of a God who saves us from sin and death, and brings us to divine life. Hence, human advancement, social progress, etc., is not to be excessively emphasized on a temporal level to the detriment of the essential meaning which evangelization has for the Church of Christ; the announcement of the good news."

The bloodbath of the Peasants' War caused Luther to have some second thoughts on the meaning of freedom. The Pope's reminder that we have here no abiding city provides an excellent complement to the statement of the bishops. Together, the papal and episcopal statements chart new paths for the Roman Catholic portion of the Christian community. Episcopal stress on the Incarnational nature of the Church and papal caveats about her eschatological vocation are classic Christian themes which are also found in Luther.

The practical result of the Reformation initiated by Luther was to destroy Christendom as an organism. The Enlightenment delivered an acerbic eulogy, and the twentieth century has provided ample evidence ranging from the "German Christian" Lutherans who collaborated with the Third Reich to the recent sophistries of an American Jesuit in defense of moral bankruptcy that the cosmetized corpse of Christendom is now only useful when it may suit the convenience of those opposed to human liberation.

Luther has been praised/blamed for starting the whole process that led Christians into the bracing/freezing cold of a secular age. True, he barred a totemic response to the Gospel, and insisted on Christian freedom in Faith. This is to his credit. He could not stop the forces that were to lead us to a global society plagued by war, racism, hunger and poverty. But much of the good in our society may be traced in part to his witness. The whole theme of liberation, the integral salvation of the whole man, individually and in community, be it expressed today in religious or secular vocabulary, lies at the heart of Luther's experience.

The bishops rightly emphasize that it is necessary "to eliminate the social consequences of sin which are translated into unjust social and political structures," and note that the Church is not bound to any political or social system. Luther's accomplishment was that he liberated himself and much of Europe by God's grace in Faith from the tyranny of the spirit wielded by the contemporary ecclesiastical system. Damage was done: the unity Christ prayed for was broken. But, *mirabile dictu*, the trauma caused Rome to stir from its lethargy, and save itself at Trent. Religious pluralism stemmed from the Reformation. It took centuries for confessional polemics to turn into dialogue, and that only became a reality in Germany, the heartland of the Reformation, because Catholic and Lutheran alike were forced to witness together against the obscenity of National Socialism for their mutual survival. Catholic substance and Protestant principle today seek points of convergence, but the hour is late.

Toward the end of their statements, both Luther and the bishops take the Mother of God as the norm for the Christian. For Luther, she is "a pre-eminent example of such a faith [by which] we ought to do all things freely and joyfully for the sake of others." The bishops ask us "to receive, following her example, the word of God with an open mind and a docile spirit, to offer it to the world after having meditated upon it and faithfully translated it into daily life." Mary's *Fiat*, her "Yes," is a prerequisite for the Faith that leads to liberation both personally and societally. With this Faith, there came a full measure of liberation with all its joy and pain for the Christian Church of the sixteenth century in both its Catholic and Evangelical forms. The same Faith that Luther had will surely lead to freedom for the Christian community today as it seeks to proclaim the good news in terms intelligible to a world that both literally and figuratively hungers for the deepest dimensions of liberation that are at the heart of the Gospel.

OLDIES GOOD AND BAD

THE SCREEN

The beginning of *A Tale of Two Cities* states the case perfectly: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness. . . ." Looking back at an earlier era in order to write a novel about it, Dickens realized that to succeed he must acknowledge the remarkable ambivalence we all have toward the past. It is at once the object of both our contempt and our nostalgia. It is something lost forever that we want to get back in touch with for two contradictory reasons: so we can see how silly it was and feel superior, so we can see how wonderful it was and feel envious. Present realities are always such a maddening combination of these two possibilities that the only reassurance the past can give us is to have been the same.

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What the current crop of movie reruns, remakes and revivals also needs to succeed is just this appeal which Dickens created for the historical novel. Quite aside from any merit an old property being made into a new movie may have in its own right, it had better answer to these anxieties we have about the relationship of past to present. We demand above all else that we be made to feel both scorn and longing equally. When miscalculating producers revive a period piece whose appeal isn't appropriately two-sided—or perhaps, less kindly, two-faced—the result is bound to fail. This is what happens with Billy Wilder's new film of the 1928 hit play *The Front Page*. On the other hand, when one of these movies does allow us both to rise above the past and, at the same time, to sink into it, we couldn't be more delighted. *This* is what happens with Sidney Lumet's new film of Agatha Christie's early 1930s mystery, *Murder on the Orient Express*.

In all fairness to Lumet and Wilder, the quality of their films results less from anything they have done than from the qualities that inhere in the classics they are adapting. Both directors have done their adaptations in a very straightforward fashion. Like the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play that Wilder is dealing with, Lumet's Agatha Christie novel is essentially a one-set show. Almost all of *Murder on the Orient Express* takes place on three cars of that famous train as it lies snowbound in the mountains of central Europe, and much of *The Front Page* is confined to even tighter quarters, the press room in the Chicago Criminal Courts Building. Since both Wilder and Lumet are pretty faithful to the story, format and characterizations of the originals from which they are working, neither of them needs be praised or blamed too much for the results.

What Dame Christie's story does is to isolate some stock characters—characters who must already have been a nearly extinct breed, a social set of clichés, when she wrote the novel—and then gradually, surprisingly, to bring each of them back to life for us. Her characters are the random assortment of travelers one would expect to find boarding the Orient Express in a novel: a ruthless American tycoon (Richard Widmark), his nervous secretary (Anthony Perkins) and prissy valet (John Gielgud), a loud-mouthed American divorcee (Lauren Bacall) and a mousy, simple-minded evangelist (Ingrid Bergman), a hot-tempered Czech aristocrat and his wife (Michael York and Jacqueline Bisset), a bad-tempered Scottish colonial officer and his mistress (Sean Connery and Vanessa Redgrave), a haughty Duchess (Wendy Hiller), et al. They're a deliciously dislikable lot.

The one original among them, though, is of course Dame Christie's detective, Hercule Poirot (Albert Finney). At first his fastidiousness makes him seem almost as disagreeable as the rest. But between the character touches provided by the novel—such as a glimpse of Poirot's bedtime ritual with creams and hairnets—and the performance by Finney, Poirot is soon rendered human and rather endearing in inconsequential ways. From this beginning Poirot becomes a sort of Midas whose investigations, undertaken when one of the passengers is murdered, uncover an unsuspected humanity in all the survivors.

Poirot's is a singularly cerebral world. He solves the crime purely by the examination of motives and emotions, and Lumet falls under the power of his deductions. He plays his script as straight, dramatic dialogue and imposes no inappropriate action scenes on it. When it is finally time in a flashback to recreate the murder, a cold-blooded infliction of multiple stab wounds, Lumet doesn't even allow the victim himself to come into camera range. He seems to sense how inappropriate that would be after Poirot has concentrated so hard on the fineness of the murderers' guilt rather than the haplessness of the victim. What Dame Christie has written is in fact not so much a mystery as a revenge tragedy of extraordinary dimensions. She and her Poirot are obviously very like-minded people. They work hand-in-glove on this case, he to reveal the guilty parties and she to exonerate them.

The Front Page is just like *Murder on the Orient Express* not only in having essentially a one-room set, but in relying on a company of stock characters who do repartee to entertain us. In the center stage are ace reporter Hildy Johnson (Jack Lemmon) and his editor Walter Burns (Walter Matthau), and surrounding them with its commentary is the rest of the press corps, an assemblage that falls somewhere between a tragic chorus and a barber-shop quartet. Where the whole point in *Murder on the Orient Express* is for the characters to change for us and surprise us with their capacity to grow in our estimation, the point here is for the characters to stay just the same at all times. In the closing scene, as Hildy and his financée depart to get married, Burns is still hard at it doing what he was doing in the opening scene: trying to split the happy couple up. Same old Burnsie. Same old Hildy. It's all been just the same for almost two hours at this point—two hours of relentless incorrigibility.

Since the repartee isn't leading anywhere, it is supposed to be sharp enough by itself to sustain the play. But it doesn't somehow. We've heard it all before. While Dame Christie waited forty years before selling the movie rights to her book to anyone, this is the third time *The Front Page* has been made into a movie. It's just worn out, that's all. It wasn't that substantial a work to begin with. Beyond the sheer exhaustion of the play, however, the trouble is that Hecht and MacArthur were too clever by half. Their play doesn't offer us in revival the kind of relationship with the past that we want. While they were not great enough playwrights to create a work for all seasons, they were also not

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dull enough to create only class kitsch either.

Having failed to give us great characters, they also failed to let us see for ourselves the smallness of the characters they were giving us. They were too ready to see through the self-importance of their times, and so deprived us of that one pleasure we insist upon even when all others fail—the pleasure of seeing through the inadequacies of past eras ourselves. What comfort can we take in having our special vantage point when the men who lived in the age could see its folly for themselves?

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

CREATION NIGHTLY

THE STAGE

It has been obvious since the early 1960s, when *The Blood Knot* made its way from Johannesburg to London and New York, that Athol Fugard is a major dramatic talent. He is one of the two playwrights from Africa (Wole Soyinka is the other) to make the clearest artistic claim for a place among the world's leading contemporary dramatists. The games that Zach and Morris play in *The Blood Knot*—games that wed Samuel Beckett to the strongest kind of social comment—illustrate that Fugard is a meticulous writer, a master of nuance, subtlety, sophistication. In celebrating Fugard's virtues as a writer, I do not want to suggest that there is an anti-theatrical impulse in his work, for Fugard, an actor and director as well as a writer, is a man whose effects are never literary—in the pejorative sense that theater people give to that word—but are married to character and always character as performed. Even so, *The Blood Knot, Boesman and Lena,* all Fugard's early works are so obviously playwright's plays that it was startling news to hear that Fugard—influenced by Jerzy Grotowski—was working with two of his actors, *devising* (their word) group-created plays.

Whatever doubts I may have about that form of play-making, induced by productions in which inchoate invention outfoxed artistic control, were stilled last March when I saw an abridged version of *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* on English television. An interesting play, a good production, but it never prepared me for the impact that *Sizwe Banzi*—and, even more, *The Island*—would have on me in the theater. These two plays, devised by Athol Fugard, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, with Kani and Ntshona as the only actors and Fugard as director, are presently at New York's Edison Theatre, and they are the most exciting things that I have seen in any theater for a long time. I suspect that on paper neither of these plays will approach the quality of *The Blood Knot,* but the meticulousness mentioned above, the marvelous sense of nuance, is present here, now the creation of the performers rather than the writer. Part of the force of these plays comes from what the black actors and their white collaborator have to say about life in South Africa, but their triumph lies not in any social or political message, but in the fact that they have imposed life on the stage at the Edison. It is not plot, nor situation, nor even character in the conventional sense that is communicated by these plays, but a quality of being by which Kani and Ntshona, with a look, a gesture, an altered intonation, a smile—real or artificial—can convey a place, a dream, a loss or the combination of all three that is black South Africa.

It is *Sizwe Banzi,* heavy with rave reviews, that is drawing the bulk of the audience to the Edison; the management must have known that would be the case since *The Island* gives only two performances a week. *Sizwe Banzi* is the lighter of the two plays, the funnier, the less painful, but it is impressive in its own way. It opens with a long comic monologue, a play within a play, in which Kani, as Styles, the photographer, recalls his years in a Ford plant (where Kani, in fact, worked) and explains the dream, for himself and his people, implicit in his photographer's shop. The portraits, the group pictures, the snaps for all occasions are testimonies to the existence of these black men and women, evidence of real faces in a society which has quit looking at men, has substituted the *bewysboek* for the person, the number for the individual. Styles is interrupted by a customer who wants a picture to send back home to his wife—by Sizwe Banzi, although that is not the name he uses. The play then moves back in time to the day in which Buntu (Kani, in a second role) persuades Sizwe to put his picture in the *bewysboek* of a man they have found dead in the street, to assume a new name and a new history, his only chance to get a job in Port Elizabeth, where a stamp in Sizwe's own book forbids him to remain. When the play moves back to the photographer's studio, to the idiotically insouciant smile on the face of the man who was once Sizwe Banzi, the play pulls to a close with an unlikely mingling of hopelessness and survival in the truth-telling lie of still another of Styles' evidential artifacts.

The Island presents two men, cellmates on Robben Island, the maximum security prison for African political offenders, trying to keep from breaking under the intense pressure, physical and psychological, to which the institution and the men who run it subject them. Never, I suppose, has a Broadway stage seen so much urine, mucus, sweat as Kani and Ntshona bring to their intensely physical performances of men barely surviving in the flesh. The shocks in the play, however, come not from the actors' discharges—that would be titillation in the Arrabal manner—but from strangely quiet moments of dramatic intensity, as when an imaginary phone call

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turns painfully real through the need of the prisoners to reach their families outside or when an excited laugh of expectation is clumsily stifled as one prisoner realizes that the other cannot share his hope for a shortened sentence. All through the play the two men plan—one eagerly, one reluctantly—to present *Antigone* at a prison concert, and the play offers their variation on Sophocles, an approximation of the original that is at once ludicrous and dignified, a powerful denunciation of South African "law." As both plays end, Creon is linked again to Antigone, imaginary chains at wrist and ankle, and the two prisoners run in tandem, a pantomime scene that recalls the opening of *The Island* and reminds us that the titular island is a metaphor for a greater enclosure than the prison itself.

My attempt to describe the two plays in conventional terms is finally self-defeating, for they are not so much their subject matter as they are John Kani and Winston Ntshona in action. The best I can do is record my enthusiastic response. GERALD WEALES

Law, Morality and Vietnam: The Peace Militants and the Courts

JOHN F. & ROSEMARY S. BANNAN

Indiana U. Press, $10

Bringing the War Home: The American Soldier in Vietnam and After

JOHN HELMER

The Free Press, $12.95

The Wound Within: America in the Vietnam Years, 1945-1974

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Little, Brown, $12.95

True Americanism: Green Berets and War Resisters: A Study of Commitment

DAVID MARK MANTELL

Teachers College Press, $10

Out of the Vietnam Vortex: A Study of Poets and Poetry Against the War

JAMES F. MERSMANN

U. Press of Kansas, $10.50

The Long Dark Night of the Soul: The American Intellectual Left and the Vietnam War

SANDY VOGELGESANG

Harper and Row, $8.95

CHAPTERS IN AN UNFINISHED WAR

QUINCY HOWE

DURING the past six months these six new books have added more than six new chapters to the history of the still unfinished Vietnam war. In *The Wound Within* Alexander Kendrik has interlaced a full account of the war to date with a correspondingly complete account of that war's repercussions on the United States. During his long service as a broadcast journalist for CBS, Mr. Kendrick has mastered the art of instant news analysis. Now, *The Wound Within* expands instant news analysis into instant history, bringing to bear on the recent past the immediacy of personal experience and on the immediate present the perspective of the veteran journalist. In assuming this double role Mr. Kendrick writes with the same urgency of the 1940s and 1950s as he does of the 1960s and 1970s.

If it takes a journalist to write instant history, it takes a sociologist, with a Ph.D. from Harvard, to compile, organize, and interpret the raw material in thousands of questionnaires, interviews and statements supplied by low-income, working-class, combat-veterans of the Vietnam war. In *Bringing the War Home: The American Soldier in Vietnam and After* John Helmer combines statistical tables with his own summaries and commentaries. "I must emphasize," he writes, "that the war was planned by college-educated and relatively affluent Americans in Washington and fought in the field by the less-educated, the economically disadvantaged and the poor. For of no other war in our history can it be said that the American Army was a poor man's army and was so by design." Opposition to the war ran strongest among combat ground troops. Support for the war ran strongest among those furthest away from the fighting. Also, according to Mr. Helmer: "Almost half of the six million men who served in the U.S. armed forces since the Second World War did so in South Vietnam. Veterans of the Vietnam war exceeded veterans of the First World War by 25 percent and of Korea by 17 percent. Vietnam also produced wounded servicemen at three times the rate of the Second World War and twice that of Korea."

The Kendrick and Helmer books complement each other. Each of the other four covers a more restricted field. David Mantell's perceptive interviews with twenty-five war resisters

QUINCY HOWE, *a distinguished radio commentator for many years, is the author of* Ashes of Victory *(Simon & Schuster).*

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and twenty-five Green Berets focuses on the human side of the war for which Mr. Helmer had little space. James F. Mersmann's frank appraisal of anti-war poets and poetry acknowledges that the war brought forth no single first-rate poet or poem, but did stir some fresh talents. Sandy Vogelgesang's re-appraisal of the American intellectual left's response to the war expresses disappointment in the quality if not the quantity of its protests. On the other hand, the Bannans' summaries of half a dozen trials of peace militants contribute to a record that too many of their contemporaries continue to ignore.

If two of these books on the Vietnam war seem to be trying to do too much too soon, the other four suffer more from a dearth than from a glut of material. Meanwhile, events themselves have made 1974 into one of those watershed years like 1968 when a succession of upheavals shook the world, leaving nothing quite the same as it had been. Back in 1910, Henry Adams warned his fellow-historians that during the new century history would move at accelerating speed, bringing "Thought to the limits of its possibilities in the year 1921." Later, he acknowledged that his calculations might prove to be as much as a hundred years ahead of schedule; but more than half a century later, they make more sense than Spengler's or Toynbee's, as more and more journalists try their hands at instant history.

No journalist or historian has even attempted to write an instant history of so vast and complex a convulsion as the Second World War, but some historians and more journalists have reconstructed instant histories of some of that war's phases. Now comes Alexander Kendrick's, *The Wound Within: America in the Vietnam Years. 1945-1974*, proving that one journalist can encompass an instant history of the Vietnam war, including its impact on the United States. Accelerated instant history proceeds uni-directionally and irreversibly, within fixed limits of time and space. When it deviates, reverses, or leaps its bounds, a new chapter begins. In the case of *The Wound Within*, the thirty-year time-span that Mr. Kendrick covers can hardly outlast this watershed year.

* * *

During the watershed year of 1968 the Vietnam war reached and passed its peak. Because Lyndon Johnson could not win that war, he lost the presidency; by promising to end that war, Richard Nixon won the presidency. But the acceleration of history went right on. In 1969, Nixon began withdrawing ground troops from South Vietnam. Secretly at first and openly in 1970, he extended hostilities into Cambodia, and in 1971 into Laos. But at the same time he began sounding out the Chinese and Soviet leaders on easing world tensions by improving their relations with the United States and persuading their North Vietnamese comrades to accept the American proposals for a settlement of the Vietnam war. But as Moscow and Peking saw it, Nixon was not so much repudiating his anti-Communist past as he was seeking to play off the two Communist superpowers against each other.

To help the anti-Communist Nixon do business with three different Communist parties at once appealed to Henry Kissinger. For one thing, it looked like classic European balance-of-power, reversal-of-alliance policy on a world scale. For another, having defected as foreign policy adviser to Nelson Rockefeller and assumed the same duties for Richard Nixon, Kissinger proved himself a consistent Bismarckian in small matters as well as large. Let the Henry Adamses in their ivory towers play intellectual games with acceleration of history theories. The Kissingers of this world are makers of history first and writers of history afterward, and as such, they prefer to focus on real-life ironies and tragedies. "I believe," Kissinger has written, "in the tragic element of history. I believe there is the tragedy of the man who works very hard and never gets what he wants. And then there is the even more bitter tragedy of the man who gets what he wants and then finds he does not want it."

As a European, born and bred, Kissinger took out emotional insurance against the frustrations of political life by cultivating a wry sense of irony at his own expense. Such un-American behavior made no appeal to Richard Nixon who had cultivated a no less un-American passion for the politics of polarization, fortified by a conspiratorial view of history. And so it came to pass that before Nixon gave himself over to Bismarckian diplomacy, he plunged into a countervailing and counter-productive domestic ploy.

It happened in June, 1971 when the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* began publishing the so-called Pentagon Papers which depicted, through secret government documents, the deepening American involvement in Vietnam since 1945. For the first time in American history a President of the United States tried to "impose prior restraint" on the press only to have the Supreme Court sustain the newspapers, by a vote of 6-3, on the ground that neither the documents nor the accompanying summaries and commentaries violated national security. Whereupon Nixon, remembering his successful prosecution of Alger Hiss, took the law into his own hands and enlisted former FBI agent J. Gordon Liddy and former CIA operative E. Howard Hunt, Jr. to break into the office of the psychiastrist of Daniel Ellsberg, the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers to the press. But the breakers and enterers who had hoped to find and photograph medical records damaging to Ellsberg got nothing.

Great oaks from little acorns grow. To compress a long and now familiar story into a few words—by 1972 Nixon had personally devised and installed a new Committee for the Re-Election of the President, by-passing the Republican National Committee and the 1972 Congressional campaigns the better to concontrate on the re-election of the Nixon-Agnew ticket. The services of Liddy and Hunt in Los Angeles won them desks in the White House where —in the name of "political intelligence" —they specialized in political espionage and sabotage. Their crowning achievement took the form of the Watergate

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break-in of June 17, 1972. True to form, five would-be burglars were caught red-handed. Hunt and Liddy escaped but were later arrested. During 1973 the elaborate Watergate cover-up disintegrated. President Nixon's resignation followed on August 10, 1974.

The events of this watershed year cannot but overshadow the events since the previous watershed year of 1968. The peace with honor that followed the Christmas season bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong in 1972 brought no peace to Vietnam, no honor to the United States. By the summer of 1973 Senator Ervin's Watergate investigation which had its roots in the Vietnam war already dominated that war's aftermath. But the fourth Arab-Israeli war of October, 1973 and the Arab oil embargo in November signaled the approach of another watershed year—this time of worldwide inflation, recession, energy crisis and depression. What with the Nixon resignation, the Ford succession, and the Ford-Brezhnev detente, the watershed year of 1974 makes a tough act for the bi-centennial of 1976 to follow.

To re-appraise, at this juncture, the impact of the Vietnam war on the United States illuminates both past and future. For the roots of the American involvement in Vietnam extend back to the turn of the century when the Spanish-American war, the annexation of the Philippines, and the slogan of manifest destiny, popularized by Theodore Roosevelt, inspired the United States to follow the star of empire's westward course. Two World Wars, one world depression, and one cold war later, the heirs and assigns of Franklin Roosevelt—himself a disciple of his wife's Uncle Ted—now find themselves inheriting MacArthur's Japan, Chiang Kai-shek's China and the shambles that the Vietnam war has made of Indochina.

History's acceleration condemns the dead of that war to bury their dead while their survivors deal with its legacies. That illegal war, in its turn, brought forth the Watergate scandals which, in their turn, have contributed mightily to the erosion of that worldwide power balance of which the United States had been the keystone since 1945. Specifically, it took no more than last year's Arab oil embargo to expose the deterioration of American economic, political and military power at all points of the compass. Far from foreshadowing an Arab, a Soviet, or a Chinese take-over of the Third World, the events of 1974 foreshadow a worldwide breakdown of which the Third World will become the first, but not the last, victim.

To foreshadow is not to ensure. Throughout the course of the Vietnam war, the accelerations and the ironies of history have created a state of worldwide flux in which further disintegration rather than sudden reintegration appears to be the order of the day. At the same time, the signs do multiply that the forces of transcendence—religious, scientific, political, even mystical—that have always asserted themselves at all times and places could introduce a new stabilizing force. At the time the United States dropped those atomic and nuclear bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki nobody foresaw that the threat that they posed of worldwide nuclear extermination would bring forth a nuclear balance of terror that has thus far maintained world peace a lot longer than Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations did. This is not to suggest that this nuclear balance of terror will continue to keep the peace for the next two years, two decades, or two centuries. It is to suggest that the acceleration of history which the pessimistic Henry Adams feared so much and which the equally pessimistic Henry Kissinger has not so much as mentioned may well have still further surprises in store.

BOOKS

'BLESS ME, FATHER . . .'

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Sex and the Confessional
NORBERTO VALENTINI
& CLARA DE MEGLIO
Translated by Melton S. Davis
Stein and Day, $6.95

Titius and Bertha Ride Again: Contemporary Moral Cases
JOHN F. DEDEK
Sheed & Ward, $5.95

Sex and the Confessional is 213 pages long. Twelve pages, more or less, consist of sketchy comment by the collaborative authors; the rest is comprised of full and edited transcripts from surreptitious tape recordings made by the authors while "confessing" various sexual sins to priests throughout Italy. Publication of the book was the cause of much outrage in Europe where it was regarded as a violation of the seal of confession. There is a defense by Pierre Dondaine of this kind of sociological research in a foreword. Confession, he says, is "an intimate and private dialogue" but when it is "depersonalized" as by these researchers, it becomes a legitimate investigation. On its face this is a curious defense. If the nature of confession lies in its personal intimacy, depersonalized confession may have as much relation to the real thing as depersonalized sex has to real intimacy.

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I am not sure what I think about the trickery of the tapes. Aside from any theological objections, there is the moral offensiveness of abuse of trust. Perhaps the authors will next decide that a great deal could be learned about courtship behavior if they would pretend to court various subjects for the benefit of the hidden recorder and the world of science. That would be loathsome. I am not sure that it is any less odious to tamper with the intimate personal commitment of the priest in a confessional. Lying to people has been regarded as a moral fault and certainly the researchers in this book are making a profession of it. Perhaps one could rise above these old-fashioned scruples if the information gained were extraordinarily important and difficult to gain by overt means—national security interests, you know. But I seriously doubt that this sort of electronic peek-a-boo is at all necessary to obtain information about what priests say in confession. The priests say just about what you think Italian priests would say. They are generally death on pre-marital sex, confused about the pill, all for the inviolability of the marriage contract. My guess is that a knock on the parish door would have produced the same answers in the same proportion. Dondaine says the book is "daring." I prefer to think of it as an exercise in unmitigated gall.

If, as I suspect, the information could easily have been obtained just as validly without the titillating tapes, how important is what is revealed? There are no great surprises. The priestly advice consists of innumerable papal pronouncements writ small. Some priests are caustic, others compassionate. The authors purport to find a prurient interest in sexual detail on the part of some confessors but that can hardly be established from the evidence presented. Given the casuistical bent of standard Catholic thought the physical specifics would necessarily be regarded as important in determining gravity of offense. If there is something distorted in the priests' notion that if only one got all the plumbing maneuvers clearly set forth in the right temporal order the moral worth would be revealed, the putative penitents are equally wrong in believing that physical facts are irrelevant provided one is sufficiently high-minded during erotic operations. The only mildly shocking thing in the book that one would probably not have obtained through straight sociological interviews is occasional advice directed at a supposedly harried male to indulge in prostitutes rather than pre-marital sex. A more normal recommendation is to practice mortification and that is the source of the one funny exchange in the book. Mishearing, the fake penitent says, "What has multiplication got to do with it?" What indeed! And I really wonder what most of the conversation engaged in by both sides in these dialogues has to do with the full human meaning of sexuality.

The fact that there is only one slight piece of wholly unintended humor should be a clue that there is something amiss. I imagine that the aim of confession as regards sexual behavior is to assess its human meaning. And what constitutes sexual behavior? The priests keep referring to something called "the conjugal act." This is a phrase which occurs as far as I know only in seminary texts and confessional booths. I always wonder whether it is like the Immigration Act or the Hawley-Smoot Tariff. Romantics "make love," pornographers have a more pungent lingo and if all else fails Cole Porter suggests "Let's do *it!*" Does any lover or lecher ever say, "I spent last evening doing a conjugal act."? A mere linguistic point? No. While I realize that there is some need for an antiseptic language of sex lest the confessional tapes sound like conversations in the Oval office, still "conjugal act" bypasses normal love/sex talk almost entirely. It is as "myocardial infarct" is to "heart attack" or "terminate with extreme prejudice" to "kill." The former language is invented to sanitize a particular human action for some special purpose. As the examples indicate, the purposes may be good or bad. What is sure is that the human meaning is seriously attenuated in the laundered language. If that is the case, how can one get at the human meaning of sexuality if we insist on talking about it in terms that would look better in the index of Gray's *Anatomy?*

There is more to "conjugal act" than its antiseptic quality. Insofar as one attempts to grasp the meaning of sexuality in discrete acts which can be numbered, I think one is on a misleading track. (My *only* real sympathy for the fake sinners was with their annoyance about being asked *how many times* did they do it here, there or nowhere.) There are sex acts, I suppose, but the human meaning of sexuality is as much in setting and scenario as it is in anything which can easily be regarded as delimited act, and setting and scenario have very imprecise boundaries. Things that people say before, during and after, the sincerity of the sayings, the social setting of the sayings, gestures, costumes, touches, day-dreams, today, yesterday, all enter into the human quality of sexual conduct. The argumentative penitents in the dialogue keep insisting to the priests that pre-marital sex is not just a bestial act (as the priests say) because they have certain attitudes which give moral stature to their conduct. The priests grasp this point formally because they keep insisting that the quality of sexuality is somehow changed by saying marriage vows in the right place at the right time. The trouble is that both disputants have truncated, mechanical scenarios. Properly human sexuality cannot be automatically conveyed by marriage vows or by the high-minded experimental thoughts directed at pre-marital sex. The priests generally undervalue private intentions and attitudes as factors in the meaning of sexual behavior, the "penitents" seriously undervalue public acts (marriage vows) in setting a larger social meaning to sexuality in marriage; private attitudes cannot entirely substitute for public affirmation by lovers of the manner in which human pairing affects the texture of all human bonding in a community.

Let me return to the humorless quality of the confessional talk. I believe this is a sign of fundamental failure. In sheer bulk, probably the

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greatest volume of sexual talk is humorous—from Aristophanes to blue jokes. I don't see how one can come to a proper assessment of the human value of sexuality without accepting the fact that mankind sees comedy in sexual antics. If the priests have their own humorless view deduced from theological manuals, the penitents seem to have imbibed of the erotic skill manuals of Dr. Reuben, Dr. Ellis and the rest of the sexual salvationists who crowd the *New York Times* best seller list and the Marboro remainders. Priest and penitent in these dialogues both have a holy belief that the right act in the right place with the right idea will be just dandy. It would seem to be the wisdom of sexual humor that sexuality is as much floppy farce as human perfection. Sexual humor is, in turn, the obverse of dark and tragic eroticism. Obsession, destructive lust, madness and fantasy are the other part of sexual literature. Idyllic romance only takes place in Arden or a midsummer night's dream. If one takes Shakespeare as a touchstone on the subject, Masters and Johnson and all their tribe could be recatalogued under "science fiction."

If comedy and tragedy crowd the field of serious sexual literature, then I suspect that confession of sexual sins and the concomitant advice *always* misses the mark. Sexuality is always too much and too little, too important and too trivial, too ingrained in the personality, too much the bizarre behavior of a disconnected moment to be confined in a confessable act. Sex keeps moving from the tragic core of a whole life too complex to describe, to a bodily indiscretion too silly for sin. I wouldn't abandon the enterprise of confessing and advising, but the sacramental absolution in God's hands may be the most real gesture.

If we are to continue confessing and advising, John F. Dedek's manual of contemporary moral cases comes as close to hitting the mark on some subjects as one can expect. If, as I suggest, there is always an element of farce, fantasy, or utter failure in any sexual course, Dedek's remarks on homosexuality and teenage petting are as commonsensical and compassionate as one could want. I would commend it to any Italian priest in preparation for future snoopers.

A final unrelated note. I fear it is a long-held prejudice of mine that clerical moralists usually do quite sensible work on subjects like euthanasia, vasectomy and even sexuality (lately) but seem utterly baffled by the income tax. In Dedek's book, Titius is a wealthy orthodontist (are there any indigent ones?) who cheats on his income tax and wants to know if he has an obligation to report himself and rectify the situation. Dedek argues that since modern tax policy à la Keynes is not really for the purpose of providing goods and services for the community but is an instrument for managing the economy, Titius need not confess his cribbing. Dedek should think on that one again. There may be complications about an obligation to give self-incriminating information, but Dedek's argument suggests that there is no *prima facie* obligation to pay the tax *in the first place* because of the meaning of modern tax policy. I can't believe he means that, nor is the distinction well drawn. Taxes are, more or less, used to provide goods and services for the public whatever the important secondary effects of government spending on the overall economy. We have not entirely reached the Brave New World where taxes are expended on absolute frivolities like escalator tennis just to keep the old GNP on the rise—though C5-A may seem fairly close.

Religion and Revolution

GUENTER LEWY

Oxford University Press, $17.50

J. M. CAMERON

Religion has most of the time been a conservative influence, socially if not intellectually. From the sacred monarchies of the great river valleys to Catholicism or Lutheranism in modern Europe the practice of religion and the moral principles that attend upon it have excited reverence for political authority and contentment with the unequal distribution of power and riches. The miseries of this world (in any case, like the visitations of good fortune, distributed with a fine impartiality) are, it is suggested, as nothing compared with what may be feared or hoped for in the world to come, whether this be conceived as eternal pleasure or pain or as an escape from the cycles of human existence. To commend religion as consolation is today commonly thought to be ignoble, and so it is, on certain assumptions. If religion is, as Marx said, "the heart of a heartless world," it is to be despised if and only if the world can be given another heart. No such operation has so far been contrived. The happy kingdoms of revolutionary prophecy look suspiciously like secularized versions of the visions of the religious.

There are all the same certain moments in the history of the world when bodies of religious men and women set themselves against their societies and dream of the instant destruction or the deep transformation of the social and political order. Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, have at times mounted attacks upon the societies they have earlier striven to conserve. Professor Lewy has studied a great variety of these movements, some of them, as revolutionary Anabaptism, familiar, others, at least to this reviewer, new and surprising, as the long history of revolutionary or at least rebellious religious movements in China. The Taiping Rebellion in the nineteenth century grew out of a Christian infection; but the earlier movements show that such a religious system as Mahayana Buddhism will, despite all the *a priori* unlikeliness of it, under certain conditions nerve men to resist the misery and oppression for which a given order seems responsible.

Certain intellectual justifications turn out to be pervasive. For instance, in Taoism, as in the European school of natural law, as indeed in any religious system that allows for a gap between the world that conforms to the pattern

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of the heavenly powers and the fallen world of men—the age of gold and the age of brass, the age of the pure *ius naturale* and the age of the actual *ius gentium* (in the latter private ownership flourishes and the contumacious may be hanged or have their ears cropped)—it is always possible to argue that a given emperor or other authority is no longer the agent of heaven; it is therefore the right or even the duty of the ordinary citizen to kill him or to take away his liberty. The ground of argument is there, built into the very foundations of the religion; but there is no assurance that men with other cares will make the inference or, making the inference, will pass from theory to practice. (Stoicism, which, at least in its later and perhaps eclectic form, made much of the distinction between the beauty of nature and the dreariness of convention, was notoriously the Rotarianism of the ancient world.) But the logical possibility is important. This is plain from much of the material Lewy has assembled. It is curious to find Chinese philosophers who lived before the Christian era talking about pretty much the same problems about the right of resistance to a tyrannical ruler as were discussed by John of Salisbury and Thomas Aquinas; curious, but consoling too, for these are witnesses to the intellectual unity of mankind.

Lewy's method is Baconian, like that of other sociologists handling large topics. He surveys great tracts of evidence, notes similarities and dissimilarities, sorts out into "kinds," looks at causal and logical connections, and in the end achieves generalizations that help us to articulate clearly and, one hopes, correctly our thinking about religion, society, revolution. This involves a more extended use of certain categories. For example, "millenarianism" (or "chiliasm") begins life as a term restricted in its function to the designation of Christian groups such as the Anabaptists and the Fifth Monarchy men; in the end we see there is some ground for broadening the type to include Jewish Zealots, Taoist revolutionaries, followers of the Mahdi (was their great enemy, General Gordon, a frustrated millenarian?), and Catholic revolutionaries in contemporary South America. The method comes from Max Weber—two memorable examples are "charismatic leadership" and "bureaucracy"—and there can be no doubt that it has enlivened our knowledge of the past. As Lewy observes, it is a science necessarily confined to retrodiction. It makes some sense to speak of necessary conditions for the rise of e.g. millenarianism; but we can't speak of sufficient conditions. Whether this inability is a necessary consequence of a necessary ignorance or comes from something fundamental, the essential freedom, spontaneity, creativity of man, is not something for sociologists to worry over.

There is an interesting discussion of the relations between the Catholic Church and revolutionary movements in Latin America. The closeness of these two institutions is perhaps among the more surprising of the changes that came over Catholicism since the second Vatican Council. But whatever has produced a lopsided economic growth and a deepening of the contrast between rich and poor, with their social consequences—small peasant wars, shanty towns, violence and torture—has provoked an evangelical revival, not only among small radical sections of the parish clergy and religious, but also among the bishops. Lewy quotes Ellul's sharp criticism that "Christian intellectuals have made a practice of arriving on the stroke of midnight . . . 'joining struggles that are virtually over'." He suggests that radical Catholics in Brazil and elsewhere may "have hitched their carriage to a waning star." This could be true; but there seems no reason to suppose that without intense pressure from the masses those Latin American countries that receive such bounty from Washington for the armies and the police are likely to go in for any profound self-transformation.

"Religion integrates and also disrupts society; it is truly Janus-faced." This seems a fair conclusion at the end of Lewy's survey of almost three thousand years of civilized history. It isn't calculated to please those who think of the Church as a spiritual police power; nor is it likely to please utopians who think an alliance between Church and revolution will soon topple the defenses of international capitalism.

The book is a long one and it would be strange if there were no errors or doubtful judgments. Lewy speaks of "the Greek view of the world in which everything reoccurs *(sic)*." This should surely be "*a* Greek view." There is no evidence that the doctrine of eternal recurrence was generally held even among educated Greeks. As James Barr has shown, this kind of generalization has done a lot of harm to biblical studies. Lewy repeats the story that the Levelers "aimed at political equality for all Englishmen." They specifically excluded proletarians from the franchise. We are told that Gandhi "was opposed to modern technology which alone can overcome an undeveloped country's grinding misery." This belief in the necessary role of modern technology doesn't seem obviously true and makes slightly sick reading at a time when India has just exploded an atomic device. Too many simple and incontrovertible statements are given quite unnecessary buttressing in the Notes. My favorite example is: "We are not prepared to apply the maxim 'do not lie' in all conceivable circumstances"; with the Note "Cf. I.M. Crombie, "Moral Principles," in Ian T. Ramsey, ed., *Christian Ethics and Contemporary Philosophy* (New York, 1966), pp. 235-36."

A strange omission is that of any discussion of the State of Israel. Here, if anywhere, the collision of millenarian hopes with ancient laws and modern politics could have been studied with profit.

The Diary of Samuel Sewall, 1674-1729

M. HALSEY THOMAS, EDIT.

Farrar, Straus, $30

Margaret O'Brien Steinfels

Samuel Sewall was born in England in 1652, arrived in the colonies at the age of nine, spent his adolescence at Newberry and his college years at

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Harvard. He was a contemporary or near-contemporary of Bach, Handel, Newton, and Locke. Unlike them his only claims to a place in "history" are that he was the one judge to recant his role in the Salem witch trials—and that for fifty-six years he kept this remarkable diary.

Sewall began his diary December 3, 1673 at the age of twenty-one, a few years before he became a citizen of Boston and married Hannah Hull; he continued it until October 13, 1729, three months before his death at the age of seventy-eight. God-fearing, conscientious, judicious, hard-working—a not untypical member of the ruling class in seventeenth-century Boston—Sewall was loving to his wife, children, servants, neighbors, relatives, and friends. He was even nice to the cranky Mathers. He was something of a Renaissance Man: an observer of Nature, a farmer, merchant, banker, amateur theologian, avid conversationalist about things religious, a judge (without being a lawyer), an elected representative, writer, linguist, etc. As a circuit court judge, Sewall faithfully made his rounds and wrote down his observations. His travels were not a mere professional chore, which included visiting, eating, drinking as well as judging, but the opportunity to maintain ties with relatives and friends; to continue conversations, often theological, from one journey to the next; to conduct business; to put in a good word for a promising courtship. When in Boston, there was the assembly to attend, the King's governors to counter, peaches to pick, a house to build, Sam Sewall, Jr. to keep on the straight and narrow path.

Sewall's diary not only tells us much about the man; the 972 pages of this printed edition also give us a considerable amount of information (annotated and indexed) about the social, political, and economic life of Boston and New England, all those delicious tidbits of insight and information that now go by the name of social history.

No doubt there are thirty other categories by which to analyze such a rich document, but to me three characterize Sewall's life: death, patriarchy, and religion. To borrow a twentieth-century phrase, these three realities were major axes of his social construction of reality.

First of all, there rises from the diary the hard and unremitting fact that physical strength, endurance, good health, and mental and spiritual certainty (possessed in abundance by Sewall) all contributed to the survival of the fittest. That is not a political slogan; it was in Sewall's time clearly a condition of life. For the unnamed theme running through the diary—striking to any twentieth-century reader—is life in the midst of death. Hardly a week passes when Sewall does not attend a funeral, or pray and visit with some sick and dying friend, in Paul Ramsey's vivid phrase, "companying the dying." For all the unexpected deaths, the cruel accidents, the slow and tortured dying of a child, a woman in labor, an old person, there is little railing against the deity, or fate, or the hardness of life. There is prayer, there is comforting, there is strengthening in faith. And by and large there is a saner and healthier attitude toward the subject than we can muster given the relative absence of suffering and death in our own lives.

The second fascinating thread the attentive reader can follow in this diary is the story of Sewall's family life. Sewall and his wife, Hannah, had fourteen children, eight of whom died in childhood. The Sewalls' feelings at the time of each of these deaths should put to rest the idea that only with the Victorian age did parents began to weep over the deaths of their children.

But there is more than death. There leap from these pages incidents, half-conversations, nagging worries, pleasures, picnics, jokes that suggest a life replete with the benefits and drawbacks of an extended family as well as some strikingly modern attitudes toward child-rearing. (Dr. Spock did not invent permissiveness.) The Sewalls enjoyed the pleasures of household which included not only servants, but visiting cousins, friends and assorted other relatives, all in residence for longer rather than shorter visits. Sewall was the guardian for a number of boys and young men, a widespread custom—adolescent swapping—that deserves further study since its purpose seems to have been to separate parents and adolescent children. Even so, the authoritarian patriarch had his problems. Samuel Sewall, Jr. complained his way through three or four apprenticeships (rather early on having evidenced little inclination or ability to attend Harvard). His complaints were accompanied by much family prayer, fasting, discussion, and firm indicators from Hannah Sewall as well as Samuel, Sr. that he must come to terms with life. He finally married Rebecca Dudley, the governor's daughter. A stormy marriage ensued, with Sam frequently at home with his parents while Rebecca, a formidable lady herself, went the way of Hester Prynne, without suffering the consequences. In a more serious and touching vein Sewall recounts the deaths of his daughters, both young women, married and the mothers of several children. And finally the saddest pages in the whole diary tell of Hannah's death in 1717 after forty-two years of marriage. Undaunted and fully appreciative of the pleasures of married life Sewall began his second courtship at the age of sixty-six.

None of this occurred—nothing in Sewall's life occurred—without its being properly referred to the loving care of an all-powerful God. Sewall's puritan conscience, honed by prayer and fasting, and dedicated to searching for God's will in his own life, underlay the faithful keeping of his diary. Though his outlook is centuries and worlds separated from those of Virginia Woolf or André Gide, and Sewall is neither so artful or self-conscious as they, we finally know Sewall and his world as well as we know these two masters of the modern diary. Sewall's diary in its artless and wholly unselfconscious manner reveals a rich and worthy life, not the least because it is a life that embodies so many attitudes, motives, and ideas that we now

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find so incredible, but which once formed the building blocks of a remarkable human existence.

This edition is provided with full notes and a complete index by Mr. Thomas and beautifully designed and printed by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. It was undoubtedly a risky and time-consuming undertaking for both editor and publisher whom I enthusiastically congratulate for their persistence as well as their achievement. And Samuel Sewall, too.

Tongues of Fallen Angels

SELDEN RODMAN

New Directions, $12

RONALD CHRIST

Everybody loves them but nobody knows much about them. Their development and form, I mean. Still, interviews are one of the foremost modes of biography and criticism we have and someday someone must write their history, listing the major practitioners —going back, at least in English, to Boswell.

Among the authors included will have to be Selden Rodman. More than fifteen years ago, Rodman's *Conversations with Artists* took up a battling position which his present volume reassumes: "Then, as now," Rodman explains, "I didn't ask prepared questions or use a tape recorder. Informality, unrehearsed give-and-take seemed more important than being 'covered' against demurrers." And now, as then, Rodman believes in treating creative people as people first and artists second. He is interested in them because they *are* creative but his interest is importantly focused on their daily lives. Far removed from the now classic *Paris Review* interviews which established the *how* of the writer's production and separate, say, from Rita Guibert's presentations of the background to the author's work, Rodman's interviews blend where and in what circumstance each conversation took place with what was drunk and what smoked and, of course, some of what was said.

Much of Rodman's book is therefore trivial and trivializing. But not unmotivated, because from the beginning Rodman is bulldoggishly out to snap at fame in the person of his subject. So we find embarrassing accounts, such as the following, where Rodman introduces himself, using one of his earlier books as a calling card, to the Brazilian poet Vinicius de Moraes: "My passport was *South America of the Poets* . . . I asked him where he'd acquired English good enough to appreciate it." Or the following bit of self-service from his conversation with Derek Walcott:

"Can I interrupt your *raptus*, I said, to ask whether you discovered Borges and Neruda after I gave you *South America of the Poets*? I don't recall your mentioning them five years ago in Port-of-Spain."

"I knew their work, but only vaguely. You forced me to read them."

"You were saying—"

Coupled with this thickheaded plugging of his books and his friendships is a verbal obtuseness which leads Rodman into absurdities such as a glass coffee table that "contained" nothing but an ash tray and a rift that healed "irrevocably."

But no matter how much Rodman appears the ugly American of the literary interview, we still must credit this book on several accounts. First of all, *Tongues of Fallen Angels* is a major book solely by definition of its format which intermingles North American, South American and Caribbean writers with no excuses and no explanations. I know of no other book with such generous, hemispheric cosmopolitanism. (My oxymoronic irony is intended: South America and the Caribbean are seldom thought of as part of our hemisphere, let alone of our cosmos.) Second of all, the book is full of insights and revelations of the small, novelistic sort you only find in interviews. For instance, Rodman observes of Borges: "No wonder he looks just a little mad! The pupil of the right eye is so enlarged that it almost fills the iris. The pupil of the left eye is very small and a little off center." Of Derek Walcott comments on Walt Disney: "His morality was Franciscan, because it imbued every creature with reverence. . . ."

For such *aperçus*, then, and not for major esthetic statements or profound revelations of character you can turn to *Tongues of Fallen Angels* and find yourself satisfied. Ranging from the brief sections on García Márquez and Hemingway to longer pieces on well-known writers like Mailer and lesser known figures as Jão Cabral de Melo Neto, the book offers a varying glimpse of twelve significant writers. And throughout there is the figure of Rodman—energetic, blunt, manipulating, often obnoxious, always professionally unsophisticated. But he is *there*, never letting us fail to take satisfaction (if we can) in his satisfaction at talking to the biggies about Art. In many ways, the book is a success story, not for what is in the interviews but because there were these interviews at all. Most of all, though, the book is just—as we love to say the English like to say—a good read.

The Politics of Nonviolent Action

GENE SHARP

Porter Sargent, $24.95

MICHAEL TRUE

The reader is likely to take up this volume with considerable impatience: no book should have to be *that* long (700 pages of text, over 50 pages of index and another 150 pages of notes and bibliography), or *that* expensive ($24.95). In the introduction, however, the author justifies his lengthy study, prepared under the auspices of the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, in a simple and direct statement and with a logic that is disturbingly obvious: "Although much effort has gone into increasing the efficiency of violent conflict, no comparable efforts have yet gone into making nonviolent action more effective and hence more likely to be substituted for vio-

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lence. . . . In fact, there was until recently so little awareness of the tradition and history of nonviolent struggle that nonviolent activists have, by and large, improvised their responses independently of past practice."

Gene Sharp's statement is not meant to dismiss the work of organizations such as the War Resisters League, the American Friends Service Committee, the Catholic Worker, or other groups long devoted to the use of nonviolent direct action, but simply to call attention to the relative absence of serious study of nonviolence. In a well-written and carefully documented book, he provides a history, an anthology, and a basic reference on the dynamics and methods of nonviolent direct action that belongs in every public and school library, as well as in the hands of any serious student of power, conflict resolution, and social change.

Once asked what he thought of nonviolence, Danilo Dolci, the Gandhi of Sicily, replied: "I don't believe in nonviolence." After a pause, and time for his audience to wonder if Dolci had abandoned his long commitment to the discipline of non-violence, he added: "I believe in nonviolent *action*; I believe in nonviolent *revolution*." Similarly, in Sharp's words, "Nonviolent action means that submission and passivity are cast off." For those who dismiss nonviolence as "naive," Part I of *The Politics of Nonviolent Action* is especially pertinent, since it contrasts nonviolence with violence as a method of action in conflict situations and distinguishes the two, as they relate to the basic nature and roots of political power. Sharp conscientiously and specifically defines his terms. In discussing the social roots of political power, for example, he identifies the several sources from which political power emerges (authority, human resources, skills). He explains why obedience rests at the heart of political power; and how, because of habit, fear, self-interest, and indifference, the many obey the few.

After establishing a theoretical base, Sharp explores the basic characteristics of nonviolence by pointing to specific episodes in history. Anyone unfamiliar with this history will probably be astonished at the numerous instances where non-violence accomplished specific goals under extraordinarily repressive regimes (the Roman plebeians against the consuls in 494 B.C.; the Danes and Norwegians under the Nazis; blacks in South Africa), and at the wide range of nonviolent actions against undemocratic rule in ancient and modern times. Sharp includes references to nonviolent resistance movements on every continent during the last two centuries and especially in the United States, by religious groups in New England during Colonial times; by the I.W.W. in the first part of this century; and by blacks and anti-war activists since 1954.

Part II, "The Methods of Nonviolent Action: Political Jiu-Jitsu at Work," describes the various techniques of nonviolent action: the use of sanctuary, for example, as prescribed by Canon Law and as practiced during the Persian Revolution of 1905-1907; the use of mock funerals as political protest in the American colonies in 1764, against the Stamp Act; and the employment of economic boycott and other acts of citizen noncooperation against established government. Part III, "The Dynamics of Nonviolent Action"—the book's final section, gives a realistic account of the risks of nonviolent action, the dangers of defeat, injury, im-

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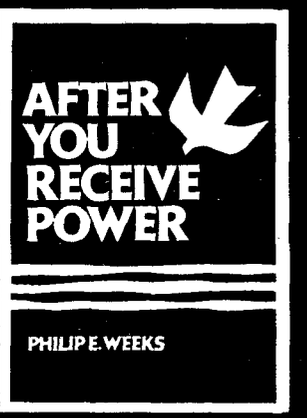
TWO TIMELY TITLES

The charismatic movement and church renewal . . .



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On dealing with Death . . .

SISTER DEATH

The Very Rev. O'Kelley Whitaker, Dean, Cathedral Church of St. Luke, Orlando, Florida

Sister Death has as its thesis the necessity for seeing death as the continuing process of Birth/Life/Death/Resurrection which is experienced in Jesus Christ.

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prisonment, death. It recognizes the possibility that violence may break out during nonviolent action and discusses the kinds of precautions that people such as Gandhi took to isolate violence when it occurred. (Violence should be understood in this context as harm to persons, not to property.) Any successful campaign for social change requires investigation, preparation, strategy, and discipline; and history provides a number of useful examples of how power relationships were altered nonviolently, through conversion, accommodation, or coercion.

David Riesman wrote, in a foreword to an earlier book about nonviolent alternatives: "Once violence becomes an addiction, the personality changes, other more generous impulses are repressed, people become brutalized and declare that the society has made them that way." In *The Politics of Nonviolence*, Sharp has effectively dramatized the fact that violence need not be the only means of bringing about social change. His book should occupy a special place beside all those histories of wars and violent revolution, as well as beside similar important general studies, such as Hannah Arendt's *On Violence* (1970) and Mulford Sibley's *The Quiet Battle* (1963). Sharp has helped to reclaim a lost history which, like the history of blacks, Indians, and women, is crucial to understanding our past.

Nonviolence offers another way, and Professor Sharp has provided a useful record of its past achievements and future possibilities. In a concluding note, he issues a challenge that may help the reader relate his theoretical study to daily life: "If deliberate efforts are made to apply nonviolent action in place of violence in the crucial conflicts of today and tomorrow, then the responsibility must fall on all of us who see these tasks which need to be accomplished. This means the responsibility is ours. It falls on each of us, on me and on you."

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The Speech and Manners of American Women

HENRY JAMES

Lancaster House Press, $3.45

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

Pickering: Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

Higgins: Oh no. I don't think so. Not any feelings that we need bother about. Have you, Eliza?

Like Shaw's Professor Higgins, Henry James was obsessed with speech. He wrote several essays on the subject which, together with a series of articles on manners, originally appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1906 and 1907 and are now reprinted in a single volume as *The Speech and Manners of American Women*. Speech, for James, was more than a question of human communication or expressions of meaning. The predominant mode of speech, particularly the speech of the women of a given society, conveyed the entire mood, all the subtle textures and finely woven tapestries of a civilization.

Given this presumption, James was upset—indeed, positively irked—by the "crudity of tone of my countrywomen. . . ." American women, he declared, were boisterous, loud, roughly hewn and ill-mannered. A group of upper-class school girls James encountered near the Boston Common, for example, demonstrated through their lack of refined speech, the ill-effects of the American social climate, particularly its tendencies towards "social equality." The girls' execrable language was what James would have expected in the "rough world of the tenement, the factory, or the slum, the world unconscious of semitones, of vocal adjustments"; instead, it was the language he heard "in the drawingrooms and ballrooms of the best society the country could show." Shocking.

Why, one might ask, was Henry James so exercised? The answer emerges quite clearly in these essays. The best society for James was one in which there was a place for everyone and everyone knew his (and her) place. Speech and manners appropriate to one's station in life were indices of a system of stratification in equilibrium and harmonious balance. The shining star of the Jamesian hierarchical firmament was the upper-class lady. One knew a lady by her speech and decorum. It was with an artfulness in the use of "vocal sounds" that the lady could most affect "the ears of a man." Her use of speech, mingled with a carefully contrived aesthetics of manner, required that the lady decorously submit to the exigencies of upper-class civil intercourse—a way of life which presumed her pleasing triviality when as it catered to her 'refined' sensibilities.

The creation of the 'lady' was, after all, the culmination of centuries of European civilization—a tradition James' "shouting, flouncing, romping, uproariously jesting" countrywomen seemed determined to flaunt. James not only accepted, he celebrated the Edwardian social hierarchy in which "common figures" were used to "fertilize the ground" for gentlemen and gentlewomen; indeed, the "presentability of the most pleasing specimens of the sex in more mature societies is expensively arrived at . . .; it is at the cost of certain others, at the best, of certain obscured, hindered, sacrificed growths, that the happiest examples of any rich human efflorescence have hitherto managed to bask in the light." The lady (a "rich human efflorescence") feeds on the exploited laundress or textile worker ("sacrificed growths") and for James this is as it should be.

In a period of social and economic unrest, of labor strife and the fight for women's suffrage in America, the one "great truth" which loomed "so

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portentously" for Henry James was that of the "non-existence of any approach to manners on the part of the nation at large." Manners, he argues, are not so much rules of etiquette as the key to the morals and consciousness of a people. The European class system dictated to individuals how they should act and guided them as to what they ought to do. James writes: ". . . in a difficult and complicated world it is well to have had as many things as possible discriminated and thought out and tried and tested for us. . . ." If the social order loses its cohesion, if the moral authority of institutions is undermined, decay and disorder will manifest themselves *first* in rude manners and crude speech. People won't know "their places" anymore. They will suffer from the malaise Durkheim called anomie.

Thus James is hurt, genuinely disturbed, by the curtness of a response he received when he made a simple query of a train conductor. The conductor replied to James, his social 'better,' in a brusque monosyllable; instead, James laments, ". . . he might really have been more positive, . . . three or four words more, rightly placed, would have largely amplified and enriched his position." If you're a train conductor you can at least act the part with a bit of aplomb. Surliness indicates to James, who was by no means imperceptive in these matters, discontent and discontent is a sure sign that social and political discipline are breaking down, that the fabric is coming unraveled.

> For everything hangs together, and there are certain perceptions and sensibilities that are a *key*—a key to the inner treasury of consciousness, where all sorts of priceless things abide. . . . Everything hangs together, I say, and there's no isolated question of speech, no isolated application of taste, no isolated damnation of delicacy. The interest of tone is the interest of morals, and the interest of morals is the interest of civilization. . . .

It is perhaps supererogatory to add that women are the traditional bearers of culture and the moral guardians of society. Small wonder James was distressed. The upper-class American women he encountered, who should have been grateful for the fact that a carefully balanced system of stratification relieved them of the onerous responsibility of "extracting a conception of the universe," of becoming moral agents, exhibited instead a lack of the refinement which, given James' litmus paper tests for civilizations, boded ill indeed.

After a visit to the land of his birth, James retreated to the greater civility of Europe. Certainly his Brahmin sensibilities would be offended by the speech and morals of contemporary American women. But the democratic leveling he so detested and feared never got much beyond the realm of speech and manners. (Another term for the "social interrelatedness" prized by a James is the "system of inequality and exploitation" condemned by a Marx or a Tawney.) *The Speech and Manners of American Women* is the rueful expression of a man of aristocratic sentiment who saw his vision of the future in a life that was already crumbling. Seven short years from the time James penned the last of the laments included in this volume, the shots at Sarajevo signaled an end to the complacent acceptance of the world of "upstairs . . . downstairs." All the elegant speech and manners in the world couldn't put that Humpty Dumpty together again.

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

capacity for adaptation. Are Catholics in Sicily the same as Catholics in Ireland? Christopher Dawson once identified more than a dozen major different Catholic cultures. Had he chosen a finer brush, he could have identified many other significant variants. Institutional practice has waxed and waned; other cultural currents have washed overhead and receded.

What many objectors to Greeley's

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essay lack is a certain subtlety. They fail to grasp the intricacies and depth of culture, sensibility, a set of virtually unconscious instincts, resistances, tendencies, and senses of reality. To love the traditions in which one was born does not paralyze the mind and make it incapable of inventing new expressions, new practices, new adaptations.

It is quite proper to be in the world of mobile, affluent, professional America and still not be quite of it—and to be both in it and resistant to it in a specifically Catholic manner. It is not necessary even to be aware of the fact that one is, in fact, different from others. Nor is it necessary, finally, to go to ecclesiastical organizations in order to nourish what is valuable in this difference.

In the recent eagerness to "outgrow" the parochial Catholicism our generation experienced in its youth, many did not at first give much thought to the culture that would replace it, for themselves and their children. That matter does not just "take care of itself." Thus something new and large is stirring. Catholics *do* tend to differ in their sense of ultimate reality, in their version of realism, in their particular passion for justice, in their sense of the meaning of family and children, in facing death, in their approach to education, to suffering, and to personal relations. We seek now a culture articulated well enough to carry these into the future consciously, not merely haltingly, lamely, voicelessly. "Communal Catholics" may yet produce a family pedagogy, a literature, a history, and institutional forms to do what must be done.

Communal Jews have done it.

Women in the Priesthood

THE ONLY CREDIBLE Church of the future—be it tomorrow or in centuries ahead—is one that is fully representative of both sexes. Contemporary attitudes toward women, subscribed to and defended by its leadership from top to bottom are not even contemporary in that they date back to an alien European society of hundreds of years ago. With each year passing, our Church is falling further behind the general mainstream. The Church was not founded to follow but to lead! There is a limit to falling behind, namely obliteration.

Present efforts in behalf of the total integration of women in the Catholic Church rely almost solely on publishing or the making of speeches, but this is a slow pocess at most. The time has come when we must be willing to organize nationally, to criticize sharply, scold severely, and demand unwaveringly that the institutional Church update its views on half of the human race . . .

—Clara Maria Henning,
Commonweal, January 11, 1974

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 315)

middle of Frei's term as President that the kind of American aid needed to make Frei's program work was denied even before his election in 1964, and that by 1964 U.S. policy had definitely swung from support of the "democratic left" to the non-democratic right. Electoral support (to keep Allende out) is not necessarily the same as an effective aid program. Gott's thesis was, it is true, denied as soon as it was published by Ralph Dungan, Lyndon Johnson's Ambassador to Chile.

I can still recall a comment made by an ordinary American liberal after Frei's election in 1964: "Kinda leftist, ain't he?" Given the divisions in the DC itself, Tomic may have represented for many Americans an even less palatable "mal menor" than Frei in 1964. And in 1964 many Chileans were influenced by propaganda to the effect that the election of Allende would have been followed by an American invasion of Chile. This was argued seriously by a number of Latin Americans at the time. The event was to prove almost, but not quite, as crude.

One can only surmise whether a Tomic government might have been given as short shrift as Allende, but it is highly unlikely that really effective aid would have been provided for

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Tomic, in so far as he may have been committed to radical change. All this is, of course, hypothetical. The action taken vis-à-vis the Allende government is a matter of record. JORDAN BISHOP

Footnote on O'Rourke

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: I will clarify some facts surrounding the Baptism in Marlboro, Mass. [Sept. 20, Oct. 18]. In the name of Catholics for a Free Choice, as president, I called Rev. Joseph O'Rourke who is on our Board of Directors and asked him to baptize the Morrealle baby. I placed the call Aug. 12 and he returned it Aug. 13th. On Aug. 16th I went to Boston for the press conference to announce that Rev. O'Rourke would perform the Baptism. I stated at the press conference that Father Keane was unacceptable to all since he had publicly condemned "Free Choice." CFFC supports "Free Choice" and protects Catholic laypersons and clergy from oppression by the hierarchy. There was a clear-cut issue of reproductive freedom that was made public before Catholics for a Free Choice was ever involved. The date for the baptism was set after the press conference; a prime consideration was that it be a time when relatives and friends of the Morrealle family would be able to attend. Many Catholics still associate the "celebration" of Baptism with a priest, a church setting and a family gathering. Indeed, there are many Catholics who do not know that anyone can baptize under certain circumstances and interpretation of those "circumstances" varies in each parish.

We had hoped that between Friday and Tuesday, the projected offer of a priest and the existence of a national organization for Free Choice would influence the two "charitable" parish priests in Marlboro to reconsider and baptize themselves. "It is the duty of parish priests to administer baptism to the children." (G.I.13) (Introduction to the Baptism of Children) Withholding sacraments is not serving the needs of the Catholic people. The Catholic Church *IS* the Catholic *people!* "This is my Rock (the parish) and I must preserve it," so stated Msgr. Meeghan, the pastor of Immaculate Conception in Marlboro. I reminded him that "the Rock" belonged, not to him, but to the *people* of his parish, whose needs he was not serving. Rev. O'Rourke and I met with him and Father Roussin a half-hour before the Baptism when we asked them to reconsider their "unchristian" act of a refusal of a sacrament. The refusal to baptize at that point was realistically a "save-face" measure; but the refusal of the use of the church was incomparable cruelty. "And what about all the dead babies," Father Roussin hysterically screamed at us as we left the parish house.

I am shocked at such insensitive terms such as "abortion freak" used by Dan Berrigan in his recent article in your pages [Oct. 18]. Anyone who objects to abortion should work to abolish the social evils which make abortion necessary in certain cases. The Catholic Church is *CAUSING ABORTIONS* by their refusal to allow birth control to be available to the people of the world as clarified at the recent World Population and World Food Conferences. Catholic teaching on abortion *has never been clear* and has changed back and forth throughout the centuries. From the 12th to 19th century, the Church changed its position *four times* allowing abortion up to 40 days for the male and 80 days for the female. It was never explained just how they could know the difference between a female and a male fetus. Only since 1869 has the Church forbade abortions and it has never been an official Church doctrine; in other words never "de fide". Since the position has been so recent, it cannot be considered "traditional" church teaching.

The right of the individual to control their own fertility is a most basic civil liberty and a right of privacy. It is fully in accordance with the teachings of Vatican II which established the right of the individual to make decisions according to their own conscience. In conscience, concerned Catholics must deem reproductive decisions to be a person's most basic civil liberty and a right of privacy. The issue of "Free Choice" must be upheld visibly and vocally by the Catholic people of the world and so, the Baptism. Public political action is necessary for social change.

JOAN HARRIMAN
President
Catholics for a Free Choice

Corrections

The first line was inadvertently dropped from the screen column of Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr., in our issue of Jan. 3. The column should have opened as follows:

"Last time I was discussing the ways that Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* is a movie about talk—a movie about a woman who learns to speak for herself, and thereby liberates herself from her husband."

The last sentence of the same column should have read: "What more than that can we ask of any artist?"

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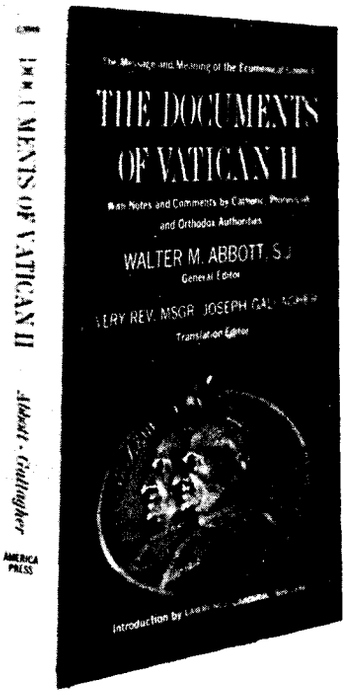

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